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LIBERAL WAVERERS.

THERE is a startling difference between the external and the internal aspect of the Liberal party at this moment. We do not mean the Liberal party in Parliament, for we hope the time has past when their hesitations and jealousies could seriously interfere with the course of public affairs. Many of them still mutter in private that discontent under, or rather jealousy of, Mr. Gladstone's rule which so dis honourably distinguished them during the last three sessions, and of which they are so eager to acquit themselves when they address their constituents; but the majority which all parties expect to see on the Liberal side will be a Gladstone majority or it will be nothing, and not till the effect of the general election has worn off will any independence of that obnoxious kind which Burke denounced appear in the Parliamentary ranks. The Liberal party whose internal aspect somewhat frets and puzzles us is the Liberal party throughout the country—the majorities who have been wont to return Liberal members, the minorities who have run hard, or even modified, Conservatism where it predominates. Is this great Liberal party sound to the core, and sound all through? Will it bear probing? Are there no corrupt or unhealthy parts in it? And is the lurking evil peculiar to any class attributable to any special influence?

We shall be better able to answer these questions if we turn aside to contemplate a long-standing phenomenon in our political state and a long-standing problem to which that phenomenon has given rise. The phenomenon is that the ordinary mass of people one meets, and that in a considerable variety of grades, hardly ever seems impregnated with Liberal ideas. The problem is, How comes it that nevertheless Liberalism is the one motive power of the day in public affairs, that every other force succumbs to it, and that the test of numbers always goes in its favour? Review the history of the past ten years. Select what questions you please on which men of advanced Liberal tendencies have been generally agreed. Say "North and South." Will any one tell us where lurked the preponderant masses who preserved our neutrality in the American war? As one looks back and remembers those four years, one is perplexed to know who, except certain leaders of a small and extreme section, were supporters of the North. They were invisible. They did not go on 'Change. They did not dine out. They did not ride in railway carriages or on the tops of omnibuses. They did not frequent steamboats. They did not smoke their cigars on the steps of sea-side hotels, or relieve the monotony of existence by partaking of the monotony of Baden or Homburg. Where and who were they? It is easy to say they were the working classes, but hardly any one ever tried the experiment of inquiry without finding

that his plumber, his carpenter, or his bookbinder was supremely indifferent, or very ignorant, or simply disposed to be friendly towards the weaker combatant. Yet somehow we were kept right, and one has a sort of mystic faith that if that North and South question had ever come to a trial of numbers, the seemingly predominant Southernism would have sustained a defeat.

So with the Eyre case. All society was against the blacks, and even in music-halls much frequented by the working classes cheers used to ring out when an *improvisatore* indulged in any callous reference to the sham humanity which had attempted to restrain the unlimited right of white men to keep the "nigger" in subjection. Again as to Fenianism. In how many houses, railway carriages, and theatres was there heard even a faint expression of that sense of the ethics of the case which governed to a man the prominent representatives of Liberal thought? Yet we know that they, and not the wholesale execrators who were everywhere to be met with, really represented the principles upon which, when formally appealed to, the people of this self-governing country will elect to carry on their Irish administration. To cite one instance more. Who seemed to be in favour of Reform at the very moment when it was most imminent, and when it was generally supposed that on a reference to the constituencies Earl Russell's Government would have been retained in office by a decisive majority? All who candidly reflect will confess that they rarely met a Reformer at that time; the air of society was positively stifling with Conservatism. Even at this moment the general tendency is to treat the late Reform Bill as a thing which was to be—a thing to be acquiesced in for quietness' sake—but a thing about the results of which well-dressed men consider it *de rigueur* to be dubious and apprehensive, while lower-class men pride themselves upon regarding those results with the most absolute apathy. The coming general election has been expected to do many things; we believe it will certainly do one thing. It will finally appraise the value of those straws of general feeling upon which we rely so strongly in conversation, but which have for many years proved so fallacious as indications of the way the wind is blowing.

Mr. Disraeli thinks he has got hold of the secret which explains the discrepancy. His theory is that society consists in the main of people as non-political as even the Provost-Marshal of Jamaica could desire niggers to be, and these non-political masses may be supposed to be identical with those whose illiberal prejudices figure so conspicuously in the ordinary intercourse of life. Mr. Disraeli fancies he can win these people to take an active and overwhelming part in politics—*now and then*. He believes he can do so now, when the Irish Church and, as he alleges, the English Church

are in danger, and only to be saved by preponderating Conservative strength at the polling-booths. To this end he has framed his manifesto. Can he accomplish it? If he can, the mystery of social opinion borne down by public opinion will disappear to our cost, and English government will become as illiberal as English society is in the habit of appearing. If he cannot, the mystery will be, if not explained, at least disposed of; and we shall form the healthy habit, which even Americans have still to learn, of accepting the latest popular deliverance as the only decisive standard of national feeling. In the mean time, the uncertainty, though not in our judgment sufficient to justify Mr. Disraeli's hopes, warrants considerable anxiety in many constituencies; for it is with the spirit of these apathetic and timorous non-politicians that the Liberal waverers have become infected. The mood in which the mere non-politician emerges from his shell to vote for Smith in Westminster, or Cope in the Tower Hamlets, is almost precisely that in which men long identified with the Liberal interest in various constituencies are halting between two opinions, and resolving, not indeed to vote for Tories, but to remain neutral at a moment when it is peculiarly essential that the firmest Liberals should be unflinchingly supported.

The humour in which the average comfortable Englishman regards life is one of ready dissatisfaction with minor grievances, but intense natural conservatism in reference to certain great outlines. At present it seems to him that those outlines are about to be disturbed, and when he sees in the newspaper an advertisement in these words, "Church before Party," he almost begins to think it would be a creditable thing to cease to be a Liberal for the time, in order to support one of the "time-honoured institutions of the country." The fear of Papal aggression, a mere hobgoblin to the politically-enlightened man, is to the average comfortable Englishman, of whatever party, a really serious peril. Then, again, there are found in many constituencies highly estimable, we might in some cases even say celebrated, Liberals, who extend towards the recent extension of the suffrage the merest acquiescence, and whose one idea as to the future is, having gone so far, to insist upon going no farther. This mood is not confined to politics. It is the natural conservatism of men averse to disturbance and advance in any and every direction. Perhaps the best sketch ever given of the class is that of George Eliot, who embodies it in the personality of the general reader. "For the most part," she says, "the general reader of the present day does not exactly know what distance he goes; he only knows that he does not go 'too far.' Of any remarkable thinker whose writings have excited controversy, he likes to have it said that 'his errors are to be deplored,' leaving it not too certain what those errors are. . . . He likes sound views—nothing extreme, but something between the excesses of the past and the excesses of the present. . . . Say that black is black, he will shake his head and hardly think it; say that black is not so very black, he will reply, 'Exactly.' He has no hesitation, if you wish it, even to get up at a public meeting and express his conviction that, at times and within certain limits, the radii of a circle have a tendency to be equal; but, on the other hand, he would urge that the spirit of geometry may be carried a little too far." Of the social and political views of too many well-to-do and even cultivated Englishmen this is no caricature. How any such come to be Liberals is certainly difficult to understand. Probably it is because English society has always, since the Revolution, been divided into two great ruling parties, who have had to bid for the popular strength without which, even in the most Tory times, they could not rule. But, whatever brought these gentlemen into the Liberal pale, there they are, wavering and weakening the party.

Liberals of more advanced opinions and robuster constitutions will watch certain elections very anxiously to see how such waverers will affect the great result. Public waverers—such men as Mr. Rathbone Greg, who has sacrificed everything of Liberal but the name—can do nothing. Their designs for paying the priests are repudiated not more strenuously by the Radicals than by Ministerialists, such as Mr. Graves, of Liverpool, and Irish Churchmen, such as Sir Charles Lanyon, of Belfast. No one is likely to insist, for the mere sake of being statesmanlike, on a scheme which the whole country rejects with greater warmth than that with which the Tories oppose disestablishment; especially as it is much more statesmanlike, and much grander, to recognise in reference to the Irish Church first, whatever may come afterwards, the great, and eventually-to-

be-triumphant principle of self-supporting religions. We repeat, it is not wavering of this kind that can affect the issue of the contest. What we still dubitate over is, whether the more retiring waverers are sufficient in number and private influence to lend appreciable strength to the Tories, or to induce an awkward and discouraging weakness among the Liberals.

"From information we have received," we do not believe this to be a chimerical apprehension, especially as in the boroughs the waverers will have the co-operation of another unknown quantity, the seeming disposition of a certain proportion of working men to adopt Tory cries in deference to social influences. However, we do not take a discouraging view of the probabilities. The growth of public spirit amongst the enfranchised masses will soon overwhelm all waverers, and we would hope that they may not be unwilling upon reflection to yield and swim with the good stream. There are two ways of looking at the matter. As the country is still protected by many constitutional checks and drags, political nondescripts may surely be brought to understand that their attempts to prevent the nation from going too far are superfluous; but if the waverers become too prominently and substantially a hindrance, the next thing on the popular programme may unfortunately be to get rid of all checks and drags upon the popular will in a very rapid and summary manner.

THE CROWN OF SPAIN.

NOTWITHSTANDING the reproaches of M. Emile de Girardin, who contends that the Spaniards have shown dilatoriness and inaptitude in supplanting their old Government by a new and better one, we think it will be generally allowed that the revolution in Spain has been hitherto conducted with ability, energy, self-control, and good sense. The difficulties were great, and they have been met in a moderate yet unequivocating spirit, which augurs well for the future progress of the nation. Nothing is more hopeful in the whole business than the readiness which all parties have shown to lay aside extreme views for the sake of concord. It is easy to say that, immediately on the flight of Isabella, a Republic should have been proclaimed. Theoretically, a Republic is the most rational mode of government that can be devised—indeed, the only mode that is absolutely and supremely rational. But we must always consider the special aptitudes of a nation in determining what is the fittest method of conducting its affairs. The Spaniards, as a rule, have no Republican instincts or tendencies, and are probably wanting in the requisite political knowledge for such a form of government. This appears to have been very generally felt since the recovery of the national liberties, and even the Republican party do not insist on the adoption of their favourite system. It is perceived that a long course of tyranny, ignorance, and superstition in high quarters, and of subjection to degrading influences in all below, do not constitute a good preparation for following the example of the United States, and leaving everything to the chances of quickly-recurring elections for the office of Chief Magistrate. The Republic has accordingly dropped out of view with the first ebullition of the popular rising; and it is now agreed, with but few dissentient voices, that the element of fixity supplied by the monarchical form of government is necessary to the well-being of the country.

In one respect, however, this determination opens fresh difficulties. To resolve that the country shall remain monarchical is one thing; to find a sovereign fit for the vacant throne is another. Various names have been mentioned, but to all there are objections of a serious, if not an insuperable, character. The Duke of Edinburgh was at one time thought of; but it is not probable that he will really be asked, nor, if he were, is it likely that this country would assent to his occupying such a post. His Royal Highness is a very young man, whose political experience is necessarily of the slightest possible kind; and if Spain is to be monarchical, what she wants is a king really capable of ruling with firmness, knowledge, and discretion—not a boyish puppet, liable to be pulled a dozen different ways by contending factions. Some such man as the late King of the Belgians, with the additional advantage of a special knowledge of the Spanish character, and a special sympathy with its elements, would be the most desirable ruler for the Peninsula at the present juncture. The Protestantism of the

Duke of Edinburgh (for we will not suppose anything so base as a change of religion for the sake of a crown), would be an insuperable bar to anything like cordial intercourse between himself and the Spanish people ; and even in other respects an Anglo German prince could hardly be expected to harmonize with the emotional, supple, impulsive Southern temperament. Another objection arises from the fact that those who have put forward the name of Prince Alfred have coupled it with an assertion of the right of Spain to Gibraltar, and the consequent condition that England is to give up that fortress in consideration of the honour to be conferred on her by placing one of her princes on the Spanish throne. Nothing can be more natural than the desire of Spain to reposess what is clearly a part of her territory. We do not believe, however, that public opinion is yet ripe for any such act of generosity, or justice, or self-sacrifice, or whatever it may be called ; and it would be especially unpopular if it were done as the price of an honour which England neither seeks nor desires, and which would probably embarrass her in many ways. The candidature of the Duke of Edinburgh, therefore—particularly when coupled with the proviso of a restitution of Gibraltar—is an inadmissible proposition, which vanishes after a moment's scrutiny.

The project for an Iberian union under the King of Portugal would be hopeful if the sentiment of the smaller country were in favour of the design, as well as that of the larger. But it is doubtful whether even Spain really desires such a combination, while it is very certain that Portugal is strongly opposed to it. At first sight, it might appear as if all the inclination would be on the side of the latter, and all the objection on that of the former. Spanish pride might be supposed to resent the idea of merging the independence of so great a nation in a new State which would lose the very name of Spain, and the ruling dynasty of which would be that of a comparatively petty kingdom, always viewed by its neighbour with a species of contempt—a contempt, by the way, warranted neither by the facts of history nor the circumstances of to-day, but which is none the less potent on that account. On the other hand, it would be not unnatural if the Portugal of the nineteenth century, like the Scotland of the seventeenth, were disposed to augment its importance by joining its destinies to those of a more powerful neighbour, and giving a dynasty to an old rival and sometime tyrant. The fact, however, is, that whatever wish may exist in the Peninsula for the construction of an Iberian Empire is entertained simply by Spaniards. It is not, we believe, at all generally entertained even by them ; but it is actually scouted by the Portuguese. Portugal is prosperous and happy, and is suspicious of allying herself with a country now in the act of struggling through revolution, from a desperate past to an uncertain future. The Government of the western kingdom is liberal and progressive, and there is nothing obviously to be gained, while there is possibly much to be lost, by a change such as that which has been suggested. It is doubtful, too, whether the present King of Portugal is fitted for so difficult a task. He is a well-meaning and a well-doing sovereign in the quiet paths which his country now traverses ; but he is thought to be wanting in the energy and self-reliance necessary for a revolutionary monarch. Moreover, Portugal has a strong national feeling, with a special dislike of Spaniards—a true borderer's hatred of the next-door neighbour ; and she must see clearly that union with Spain means the loss of her own independent existence for the sake of the nominal headship of an empire in which, after all, she would play but an insignificant part. "Iberia" is a name coming too late in the day to strike its roots where the long traditions of history are in favour of other designations. "Britain" has never been able to supplant "England," except in purely formal language ; and "Iberia" would soon give place to "Spain," leaving to "Portugal" little more than a local habitation. The Portuguese would be the last to desire this ; and we find that the news of the revolution at Madrid has not in the slightest degree ruffled the surface of the political waters at Lisbon. The recollection of the former union of the two kingdoms is not such as to excite any eagerness on the part of the Portuguese for a renewal of the experiment.

Another party is putting forward Prince Napoleon as the most likely man. This appears to be Prim's choice, if we may judge by a letter which he is said to have written to his Imperial Highness, and which is intended to be transmitted to the Emperor. According to the *Gaulois*, Prim,

in this letter, "emphatically declares it to be the desire of the Provisional Government to establish the most friendly relations with France. He also says that the Provisional Government has no preconceived idea respecting a candidate for the throne of Spain, but will use its endeavours for the election to fall upon a prince agreeable to Europe generally, and to France in particular." This is certainly a sufficiently broad hint, and it cannot be doubted that Prim is here making a bid for the support of the Emperor Napoleon by holding out to him the prospect of seeing his cousin on the throne of Spain. Prim has hitherto been regarded as a Republican ; but he, like others, sees the impracticability of a Spanish Republic, and it may be added that his choice of Prince Napoleon does not greatly violate his predilections. The Prince was a Red Republican in the days of 1848-9, and, although he has since consented to accept Imperial dignity, and to stand in succession to a throne in certain eventualities, he is known still to entertain extreme democratic views. He would, in some respects, suit the Spaniards very well. He is a Catholic, of Southern blood, and of quick, mobile, pleasurable temperament ; his wife is also a Catholic and a Southerner ; he has reached a mature period of life, without being old ; and he is a man of ability, conversant with affairs, with Governments, and with human beings. It is a question, however, how far Europe would like this extension of the Napoleonic power, and whether Louis Napoleon himself would favour it. On the one hand, he might object to seeing his relative advanced to a dignity almost equal with his own ; on the other, he might be glad to remove to a distance a Prince who has not unfrequently given trouble by his eccentricities of independence and his vehemence of opinion. The first word, however, must be that of the Spanish people, and, if they must necessarily follow the ignominious fashion of seeking abroad for a king, instead of choosing the best man from among themselves, they might do worse than elect the son of Jerome.

In the meanwhile, the Provisional Government is pushing the revolution with vigour. A law providing for the education of the people is about to be promulgated ; the octroi-duties have been replaced by a poll-tax, from which the poor are to be exempt ; and the Minister of Justice has issued a decree suppressing the Society of the Jesuits throughout Spain and the Spanish islands, ordering that its colleges and institutions be closed within three days, and declaring its movable and immovable property to belong to the State. The last-mentioned is a high-handed measure, and might be objected to on the very grounds of religious freedom ; but when we recollect the mischief that has been wrought by the Jesuits in Spain, and indeed in all other countries where they have been permitted liberty of action, the determination of the Junta can scarcely be blamed. It will be curious to see, however, what the priest-ridden Spaniards themselves say of this bold challenge to the priestly power.

MR. GLADSTONE'S POSITION.

THE aims and the tactics of the Liberal party have been formulated during the past week by the publication of Mr. Gladstone's address to his constituents, and by his speeches at Warrington on Monday night and at Liverpool on Wednesday night. The contrast between the manifesto of the Liberal leader and the war-whoop with which Mr. Disraeli, laughing all the time in his sleeve at his followers' folly and his own comical figure as the wielder of "the Protestant flail," is instructive and striking. The central question of the politics of the day naturally occupies the most important place in Mr. Gladstone's enunciation of policy, as it did also in that of his rival. Other questions, of course, were not omitted by either of the leaders, and the speech at Warrington may be regarded as a dignified reply on the part of the chief of the Opposition to Mr. Disraeli's empty and random glorification of his administrative success. But while the electors will duly estimate the difference in every department of the public service between the statesmanship of Mr. Gladstone and the clever juggling of the present First Minister, the issue of the impending struggle will be determined in the main by the measure which the nation will take of the competing systems of Irish policy advanced by the Liberal party and by the irresponsible managers of demoralized Conservatism. The position of political parties must now be described according to the relation in which they stand to the policy of impartial dis-

establishment of religious communities in Ireland. At present, all the interest and all the importance of the great trial of party strength is concentrated on this single and somewhat narrow issue, whether the monopoly of the Anglican Church in Ireland is to be maintained or to be absolutely and finally abolished. Compared with this question, all others have for the time sunk into insignificance. Every attempt to divert public attention to other issues must be a paltry and idle trick to raise a little obscuring dust; and, on the whole, such attempts have been abandoned even by the Tories as useless. Yet it is easy to see how grateful the keen defenders of the Church would be for any kindly cloud that might Homericly conceal their idol from the dangerous light of general scrutiny. There is no power, however, to send the blinding darkness, but rather there come reports of Commissions and volumes upon volumes of appalling statistics, under the fire of which the hapless Church is tottering. It is fortunate that upon this question Mr. Gladstone, putting aside the verbiage and subtleties of language to which he was formerly too prone, has spoken out so clearly and boldly that the most invincible ignorance can find nothing doubtful in his meaning. In addressing the electors of Liverpool, again he repeated his emphatic declaration that his policy was to apply to Ireland, without reservation or exemption, the principles of religious equality—not merely to put an end to the existence as an Establishment of the Anglican Church in Ireland, but to withdraw all other applications of Irish national property to sectarian purposes. The extinction of the Regium Donum and of the Maynooth Grant therefore form as necessary parts of Mr. Gladstone's policy as the resumption by the State of the tithe rent-charges and episcopal lands. If the repeated statement of this line of policy fails to satisfy the critical politicians who can never find anything good in what the leader of the Liberal party advocates, it is only because none are so blind as those who will not see.

To the measures which must follow and complete the adoption by Parliament of the policy of disestablishment Mr. Gladstone, not unwise, declines at present to pledge himself or his party. It is hardly fair, indeed, to insist that the leader of the Opposition shall assume, while out of office, the whole weight of Ministerial responsibility, and exhibit the details of a Ministerial measure upon the hustings. Such a course is not justified by any constitutional precedent; it is not demanded by the exigencies of the situation; it is only sought by those who are eager to entrap the Liberal party into a premature acceptance of measures which may hereafter be found impracticable or distasteful to the majority of the nation. There is every reason to be satisfied with the broad outline of this policy which Mr. Gladstone has drawn, and with the well-defined boundaries of political expediency which he has fixed as limiting his course of action. He pledges himself absolutely to disconnect the Church in Ireland from the State, and to withdraw from all religious bodies what share they may now obtain of national support. He insists further, what no honest man will deny, that it will be just and expedient, in bringing about this great revolution, to compensate for the injury done to all vested interests, whether involved in the maintenance of the Establishment, of the Regium Donum, or of the Maynooth Grant. And, finally, declining to pledge himself now to any particular disposition of the revenues held at present by the Church, Mr. Gladstone lays down the fundamental rule that these revenues "ought not to be applied to the teaching of religion in any other form whatever." This principle ought surely to content the most ardent Voluntary and the most suspicious Protestant. The only point which is still open to some doubt is the question of compensation. When Mr. Gladstone introduced his celebrated Resolutions in April last, he rather unfortunately committed himself to a hypothetical calculation of the cost of satisfying the vested interests affected by the extinction of the Establishment. By taking as the basis of the estimate a conjectural capitalization of the revenues and property of the Church, and subtracting from this imaginary capital sum the capital value, estimated in the same way, of the life-interests to be preserved, Mr. Gladstone came to the conclusion that three-fifths of the capitalized value of the Church property would remain in the hands of the Church or its office-bearers. This declaration has been unfortunately misunderstood by many, and has become the subject, in countless puzzle-headed pamphlets and speeches, of diversified and strange interpretations. Many persons, including the Public Orator of Cambridge, who has lately written on the question, have

gone so far as to assume that Mr. Gladstone intended to leave "three-fifths" of the actual revenue of the Church to the Church for ever. It is hardly necessary to say that the real operation of any disestablishing measure will be far different. The incumbents of all offices in the Church will be allowed to retain the incomes they enjoy at present during their lifetime. The year after the Act of Disestablishment has been passed, the Church will receive the whole of the revenue and the State nothing. The following year a few life-interests will expire, and so much of the income will accrue to the public exchequer. And so on, until at the end of a generation the whole of the life-interests will be discharged, and the entire sum of £600,000 per annum will be at the disposal of the State. Only one other limitation may be set upon the disposition of this revenue. It must in equity be applied to Irish purposes alone, and not as a means of relieving the Consolidated Fund of any of those charges which are now incurred by the Government in Ireland.

So far then as the question of disestablishment is concerned, the policy of Mr. Gladstone is as resolute and clear as that of Mr. Disraeli is obscure and vacillating. The country will not be deceived by the accusation, so often urged against the leader of the Liberal party, but amply and conclusively encountered in his address, that the status of the Irish Church was prematurely made the battle-ground of faction in the expiring moments of a self-condemned Parliament. The question was not raised, as Mr. Gladstone points out, by the Opposition; but the Government of Mr. Disraeli, "rightly judging that the necessity of coercion did not impair the obligations of justice, very deliberately proposed a policy for Ireland." What that policy was the country has not forgotten. The Liberal party could not assent to proposals for establishing a Roman Catholic university, and for raising, as Lord Mayo phrased it, the status of the unendowed clergy in Ireland. Hence the rival policy of general disendowment enunciated in Mr. Gladstone's resolutions, and adopted by the House of Commons in the form of the Suspensory Bill. To that policy the Liberal party stands irrevocably pledged. But what has become of Lord Mayo's schemes? They have been denounced by the nation, and disavowed by the Government. Mr. Disraeli has found as yet nothing to substitute for them. The Report of the Royal Commission, for which we were often exhorted to wait, has been studiously ignored by Ministers; and the Government which six months ago avowed the necessity of meeting the Irish difficulty with a definite and sweeping policy, has fallen back again upon the resources of inaction and the fatal aid of selfishness and bigotry. Between the statesman who marches straightforward to a goal, firmly fixed and clearly seen, and the Minister who at the most momentous political crisis stands "letting I dare not wait upon I would," England is called to make her choice. What the choice will be is no longer a matter of uncertainty.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL CANDIDATE.

HITHERTO we have been unable to subject the Constitutional candidate to any process of definition. Like the water-spirit in "Undine," when one has attempted to seize him, he has vanished in a burst of aqueous laughter. The Constitutional candidate is invariably a funny person; and seldom attends—especially when speaking of the violent hands that are being laid on the sanctuary of the Irish Church—to the advice which Valentin gave to his sister Gretchen:—

"Lasz unsren Herr Gott aus dem Sparz."

Rarely, indeed, does the Constitutional candidate cease to be comic, and begin to be heroic. Such, however, was the attitude of Mr. Morgan Howard, Constitutional candidate for Lambeth, at a meeting recently held in Peckham. The ladies of that district, rushing, as women will, to the aid of the weak and helpless, had joined together to give Mr. Howard a public presentation of flags. What purpose the flags were intended to serve remains a mystery. Perhaps they were meant to be a substitute for Caesar's robes, and permit Mr. Howard, wrapping himself royally in them, to die gloriously on the hustings. Indeed, Mr. Howard himself declared to those ladies, that he would "fight the Constitutional battle in Lambeth to the death." We hope he will reconsider his decision. The prospect of seeing Peckham in tears, Clapham in dust and ashes, and Lambeth incon-

solable over the loss of Mr. Howard is too much for us. Rather than bring such desolation on the hearts of transpontine ladies, we are convinced Mr. Sheriff M'Arthur and Alderman Lawrence would at once quit the field. In ancient times there used to prevail a cruel practice of one army going forward to fight another army with the captured prince or princes of the enemy in front of their lines. The Conservative party seems to be employing some such device by putting forward the gentle Mr. Howard, wafted up to the poll by innumerable tender sighs, and consecrated by the blessings and good wishes of innumerable sympathetic ladies. How dare any candidate enter into battle with this favoured champion? "Am I a knave, sirrah, that I should bare my sword against a woman?" We should not wonder if there were to be found cunningly hidden in the margins of those flags little locks of hair contributed by Mr. Morgan's gentle well-wishers. What chance would a sheriff, or even an alderman, have against the influence of this subtle and secret spell? We can only hope that these love-locks are permeated by the political sympathies of the persons on whose heads they grew; and, as not even the ladies themselves may be able to tell who these persons are, the charm may be broken. At the last moment Mr. Morgan Howard, like the knight in the old legend, may find himself betrayed by one false maiden's hair, and launched into the Corrievreckan of disappointed candidates.

Constitutionalism, now that we have an exponent of it, seems to have a leaning towards incoherence. It must be remembered, however, that Mr. Howard's audience almost entirely consisted of ladies—with, of course, a clergyman as their leader; and thus a natural nervousness on the part of the orator may be accounted for and pardoned. Somewhat disjointed as Mr. Howard's remarks may be, there is, nevertheless, no uncertain tone about them. He takes his stand upon the Constitution. Favoured by ladies as he is, he hates the Scarlet Woman; and our only wonder is that he has permitted his election-bills—of which there is a goodly number to be seen about the district he hopes to represent—to be printed in red. With Mr. Howard in Parliament, however, the realm is safe. Nor does he doubt for a moment his triumphant return. "Were there 200 Liberal candidates, I consider the Conservative cause sacred enough and strong enough to carry me successfully through the contest." If it be necessary that the Liberal interest in Lambeth should be divided by two hundred candidates before a Conservative can represent the constituency, we advise Mr. Morgan Howard at once to withdraw himself from the candidature, flags and all. The Liberals have a tolerable number of candidates, but they cannot afford to send two hundred to Lambeth, even to secure the result which Mr. Morgan Howard rather illogically anticipates from such a proceeding. But Mr. Howard is far more pertinent when he abandons the toast of the evening, and ventures, with sly merriment about his face, to speak of "the Ladies." "In coming to Lambeth, instead of finding strangers he had found friends, who, although at first unknown to him, evidently possessed warm hearts." Warm hearts, indeed—the lucky dog! Why, the rooms in which these gentle hearts, and the object of their choice, were met together bore the name of the Rosemary Branch; there was a clergyman in the chair, and there was a military band in attendance, which doubtless played "Oh, believe me if all those endearing young charms." Only one thing was wanted to make the Rosemary Branch rooms a veritable representation of Paradise, as imagined by the feminine heart. An elegant and scented edition of the "Proverbial Philosophy" should have been handed, at the door, to each visitor.

"If one of the leading institutions of England were changed, things would simply become more Romish and more democratic. Rather than live under such a *régime*, I would expatriate myself and go to a country which had not so much religion and mental culture as England had for centuries boasted of!" Whither would Mr. Morgan Howard, like the melancholy lover of "Locksley Hall," go to bury his disappointment? Fortunately, considering the audience he was addressing, Mr. Howard did nothing so discourteous and ungrateful as to hint that he would revenge himself by rearing a dusky brood. He would merely punish England by leaving it. But, after all, why these dismal forebodings? Mr. Howard still lives; he is still among us; and Britain has not yet broken her anchor-cable. Mr. Howard's admission to Parliament is only a preparatory clamber up the ship's side. Presently we shall find him on the quarter-deck, guiding his charge through the dangers which the

terrible allies of the Pope are bringing around her. And what is Mr. Howard's view of the political situation? He can draw a cartload of inferences, like Coleridge's clown. The inference in the present case is—the words are perhaps a little vague—"that there is an element which evidently sends statesmen wandering after prizes hardly worth the cost of obtaining them; and through which they become mere caterers for popularity and anxious inquirers after place." In the presence of ladies, we cannot be guilty of the rudeness of saying "Tu quoque" to Mr. Morgan Howard. But we may venture to hint that the wandering after a prize is worth some trouble if that prize be a banner blessed by the kindly sympathies of a whole hall-full of "warm hearts." We do not suggest that Mr. Morgan Howard is a mere caterer for popularity and an anxious inquirer after place. No. Such terms only apply to an obscure and nameless adventurer like Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Morgan Howard is of another stamp, as the man must be who proposes to save England. But even in his case there is an element. Yes, there is an element; and we hope the ladies of Peckham, who have so nobly come forward to succour the unfortunate, will not ask us what it is.

MR. DICKENS ON ROUGHS AND RUFFIANS.

A S a student of the sort of animal nature exemplified in Bill Sykes and Rogue Riderhood, Mr. Dickens has some claims to be heard on the subject of the unprotected condition of our streets. Last week, in the paper which he conducts, he has written what might be called a counterblast against garotters and their kind. He first of all finds fault with the softening of the word ruffian into rough, and with the more or less playful manner in which the press refers to the proceedings of the peculiar class under notice. He insists that we do not deal severely enough with ruffians: he accuses us even of "preserving them as if they were partridges." The police are dilatory and sluggish in arresting them. The constable waits, in fact, until the thief does his work, instead of interrupting him before he begins. He knows the ruffians by sight, where they reside, and what they are waiting for an opportunity to effect. Why, therefore, should he not at once pounce on the fellows when he sees them standing and in council, "say at that solitary mountain spur of the Abruzzi, the Waterloo-road"? They are there for only one object, and with that object the policeman, from experience, is quite familiar.

Mr. Dickens is not a writer from whom we should expect to learn much in the way of social government, nor do we think he makes any pretence to a knowledge of administration. His eagerness for a reform of abuses is charged with a large amount of that characteristic exaggeration (numbers of people term it "delicious" exaggeration) which, together with a double-distilled sympathy, has attracted to him so many readers. When we therefore find him descending into a division of his art which is nearest to the domain of journalism, we are not surprised at noticing that he more or less embarrasses his design with Dickens-esque touches. We have, for instance, a rough described as looking "like an executed postboy of other days, cut down from the gallows too soon, and restored and preserved by express diabolical agency." It seems to us, too, that in the days when "Pickwick" was written, people were more inclined to laugh or to smile at this sort of thing than they are now. The sentence recalls an acrobatic turn which is now so constantly imitated that we regard it as a mere trick. Here, however, Mr. Dickens evidently means it to help him out in his mission. He must paint the ruffian in the blackest colours, and as it is his way to paint blacker and whiter than any other famous author, he positively takes the blackguard from a gibbet for our edification, and, to render him more hideous still, constitutes himself a Frankenstein. "Why should the police allow such a monster as this at large?" he then asks. The police, we suppose, reply that, though he may in the eyes of Mr. Dickens resemble the executed postboy, &c., yet, unless they see him committing, or on the point of committing, a crime, they cannot arrest him. The police are addicted to "constabulary contemplation," again writes Mr. Dickens. There is an amount of constabulary action which might turn out more dangerous. The discretion given to constables at present is sufficient for all intents and purposes: would Mr. Dickens enlarge it until zealous members of the force would go about locking up suspicious characters promiscuously? He does not appear to us to have realized for one moment the difficulties connected with the evil he proposes to remedy. It furnishes him with a theme for a picturesque and telling complaint, but there is not a word in the sketch to show that he had seriously noted the efforts made

by others to put down the abuses which have provoked his indignation. At the same time, we cannot but feel grateful to him for his attempt. There is decidedly too great a tendency to regard the ruffian or the rough as an institution. There is a degree in crime, in vicious habits and propensities, to which Mr. Mill referred in sad and almost ghastly words at a debate last session on the abolition of hanging. We have amongst us creatures of no more kindness or conscience than beasts. They herd together in low neighbourhoods, and prowl out in gangs at night to infest our thoroughfares. They subsist upon heating foods and stimulants. They place no check upon their appetites; no check upon their foul talk, which is dropped like poison into the ears of the children in their neighbourhood. The indiscriminate capture of gangs of those creatures would only be a temporary relief. They are not accidents of our state, but they are in some respect or other the consequences of what is imperfect in it. This is no excuse for them. But it makes us responsible for other duties besides merely carting them away, as Mr. Dickens would have us do, and flogging and transporting them. Reforming them as a class we are forced to believe would be a hopeless and most ungrateful task. The matured ruffian has his bad nature thoroughly ingrained, and you only add a disgusting hypocrisy by persuading him to assume the guise of an honest man. It is to the rising generation of ruffians and roughs that we have to look. Taken in the bud, they may be capable of improvement, although it is a miserable, and indeed appalling, fact that the offspring of thieves possess instincts for the business of their parents which it is difficult for any exterior agency to overcome. Mr. Dickens refers to their being allowed to molest people with an astounding impunity. "The throwing of stones in the streets has become a dangerous and destructive offence, which surely could have got to no greater height though we had no police but our own riding-whips and walking-sticks—the police to which I myself appeal on those occasions." This is in a great measure true, although the magistrates of late have punished the offence with a severity that has been effectual in deterring the perpetrators from indulging in it as often as they were accustomed to do.

Mr. Dickens concludes his paper with an account of a trial which he ventured to procure for the purpose of helping towards the abolition of filthy and blasphemous language in public. The defendant in the suit was a young lady of seventeen or eighteen, who, with a suitable attendance of blackguards, youths and boys, was flaunting along the streets as she returned from an Irish funeral in a progress interspersed with singing and dancing. She had turned round to him and expressed herself in the most audible manner to the great delight of that select circle. Mr. Dickens subsequently brought her up before a suburban magistrate. "I was not quite so courteously received by him as I should have been by the Lord Chancellor, or the Lord Chief Justice; but that was a question of good breeding on the suburban magistrate's part." By producing a clause in the Police Act, however, he got her fined ten shillings, with the option of being sent to prison for so many days. We cannot discover much point in this narrative, unless the moral lies in the policeman saying at the close of the case, "if she goes to prison that will be nothing new to her. She comes from Charles-street, Drury-lane." It certainly is horrible to be compelled to listen to the language spoken by ruffians, male and female, in our parks and places of open recreation. This seems to be an offence of which the police commonly take no notice, and Mr. Dickens has certainly done good service in calling attention to it. The worst of it is that in such quarters as St. James's and Battersea Parks there are constantly shoals of nursery-maids and their charges, both being subjected to the taint of the vilest oaths and expressions. It is curious, by the way, that the ruffian cannot express himself without cursing. We never heard a sound reason given for this. One of these wretches will keep up a constant roll of expletives merely for a sort of mysterious flavour which he seems to find in the prurient and blasphemous adjectives. Yet although there is a law by which he could be punished for this outraging of decency, it has become a custom of the police to overlook the offence.

We quite agree with Mr. Dickens that the police do not do enough; but we believe they fail as much from want of numbers as from want of direction and management. They have power given to them, but they are often unable to exert it simply because they cannot leave the posts at which they are at wide intervals placed. In fact, the ruffian now plies his calling between the constable sentries, and he can do so almost without fear of interruption. The whole western and south-western districts of London are comparatively unprotected; and if an epidemic of garrotting

such as we had some years ago should break out again, the means for stamping it out are nearly as inadequate and inefficient as of old. We are, therefore, indebted to Mr. Dickens for his attack on the ruffian, especially at this season when the days are so rapidly shortening. Of his manner of telling his mind we have before written; he decorates the ruffian after his own style, although he could not render him more repulsive than he is in reality. Put him down, flog him, do anything with him, he says emphatically and mercilessly. "Him the police deal with so inefficiently and absurdly that he flourishes and multiplies, and with all his evil deeds upon his head as notoriously as his hat is, pervades the streets with no more let or hindrance than ourselves."

THE PROFESSIONS.

WHAT is a profession? Who is a professional man? In country towns, the lawyer, the surgeon, and the clergyman are Olympian creatures; shopkeepers are common carrion. Now, in the middle ages, glassworkers and printers were gentlemen in their own right, and wore swords and fine clothing. Plasterers, or daubers, as they were termed, were a guild, and daubing was a mystery. We talk of the theatrical profession, but actors and actresses have not the passport to good society. People speak also of literature as a profession. The richest publisher is only a shopkeeper, not a professional man; though literary men are apt to think that if anything is a "mystery," publishing is. A merchant is not a professional man, though he may be a very rich gentleman. Is the army or the navy a profession? If so, why is not Corporal Brown or Boatswain Smith a professional man? Among tradesmen, the Licensed Victuallers, though their particular trade is not a refined or refining one, carry a somewhat professional front; there is much corporate action among them, and it always seems, when they come before the public to do something in a body, as if they believed there was some sort of charm in the word "Licensed." Yet people are licensed to sell snuff, and there is not the faintest professional whiff about tobacconists.

One very curious part of the subject is, that there is a half-mad kind of reason for thinking there must be a professional order of mind. Not merely that doctors get to think alike on their own peculiar line, or lawyers, or clergymen—which is natural and obvious; but that to belong to one of "the recognised professions," as they are called, seems to exercise a peculiar influence on the mind. Of course this is not put seriously, but it was always staggering to observe the number of professional men, particularly doctors, who used to get drafted off into the ranks of the religious secessionists known as Plymouth Brethren. But why should solicitors and surgeons and soldiers be more predisposed to believe in the imminence of the millennium than other people? The only glimmer of a reason that lies upon the surface is that they see so much of human perversity and suffering that they may be supposed to get tired of it, and to be peculiarly anxious for a thousand years of peace and quietness.

There have been people heretical enough to doubt whether the institution of professions, with certified qualifications for members, privileged and protected by the law, is a good or right thing. As far as the teaching of religion or theology is concerned, we know the plan has broken down; anybody that likes may teach and preach, provided he will take certain oaths against the Pope's supremacy, and, perhaps, the claims of the Pretender; though probably even this regulation has gone out of use. But take medicine. If an uncertified practitioner, an amateur, however skilful, were so unlucky as to have a patient die under his care, and if certified practitioners, however stupid, were to come forward and give evidence (as they probably would in any case whatever, and that without meaning anything but what was true) that the treatment of the amateur was highly improper, a jury would return a verdict of manslaughter against the amateur. Yet the precaution breaks down within its own proper boundaries! The majority of medical men condemn homeopathy, and still there are hundreds of homeopathic practitioners in Great Britain; though, we suspect, not so many, in proportion, as there formerly were. Of course, however, it cannot be doubted that in such matters as law and medicine, a certain amount of security for the public is really got out of the existence of professions proper. It is convenient to know at once where to resort to, in order to obtain the service derivable from at least a certain amount of ability and knowledge; and some very gross mischiefs are undoubtedly avoided. When an English physician went to the establishment of Priessnitz for treatment, he found there a gentleman whose arm had been

treated hydropathically for a long time, though his trained touch arrived in a moment at the knowledge that the bones were permanently ankylosed, and that, in fact, Priessnitz might as well have gone on treating an iron bar. There is no question, on any side, of the necessity of certified culture in certain cases, though extreme heretics may entertain questions concerning the proper relations of the professions to the government of a country—concerning, in fact, protection or freedom of trade in certain directions.

The tendency of the present time is more and more to technicise (if we may coin a word) pursuits which have a direct practical bearing; to draw tighter in some respects the cords which distinguish what are called recognised professions from others; and perhaps to erect professions at present unrecognised into professions recognised. The discussions on technical education seem all to point in that direction, and those who care to consult blue-books may find in the evidence taken before Mr. Samuelson's Committee last session some curious hints looking towards, shall we say, the academization of common pursuits. In addition to this, there is in the minds of workmen a decided and growing return upon the guild idea. Though every man is now held bound to know something of everything, life complicates so fast, and our occupations tax us so severely, that reliance upon experts is increasingly our habit; and we shall probably witness within a decade the erection of quite new professions, upon the model of the old ones. Of course, it must always be the case that the more metaphysical the pursuit, the more it concerns itself with feeling, taste, and opinion, and the less with what people call practice and hard facts, the more difficult it will be to erect it into a profession proper, with exclusive Faculties. It is impossible to make Theology into such a profession, or Literature or Art. But a Faculty of Mining or Building, apart from Engineering, would be quite possible, and the realization of the former of the two is not, perhaps, very improbable or very distant.

When we consider how very large a body of the population of this country consists of strictly professional men, how much we have recourse to them, and how powerful an element in social and other movements is supplied by their peculiar culture, their opinions, and their *esprit de corps*, we cannot fail to recognise the magnitude as well as the importance of the topic. It is more than probable, for instance, that, although liberality of opinion in some sort is natural where there is culture, there is a certain conservatism which is proper to the professional spirit, not only for its own purposes and within the circle of its own affairs, but beyond those limits, whatever may be the set creed, political or other, of given professional men. It is probable, again, that there is more of what is called good sense among lawyers and surgeons than among any other classes of the community. Indeed, the extent to which the lives of unprofessional people are guided by the explicit or implicit practical wisdom of those two orders of men is a thing which deserves more recognition than an occasional touch in a novel here and there. But this and other points relating to the influence of professional men in English society should naturally be relegated to a more detailed discussion of their place and their claims. Some criticism of both seems natural just now, when not only does the question of creating new professions, or quasi-professional Faculties appear likely to come to the front before long, but the daylight is being let in upon the old professions. The changes that have taken place with respect to law and lawyers within living memory are familiar topics; and there is more to come. As to medicine, the appearance or reappearance of women upon that stage may be taken as certain. The relations of the clergyman and the parochial system will be longer in undergoing the changes that seem to threaten them; but they, too, will be altered. There are economic questions, as well as others, necessarily interwoven with these changes, and perhaps it might not be a useless task to review briefly the attitudes in which Society and the Professions appear to stand to each other at the present time. This would necessarily involve some criticism of the traditional and other regulations of the recognised professions, and some suggestions as to the place which might be occupied by sincere guild feeling and a proper respect for genuine qualification in the unrecognised professions as well as the rest; but the subject is so wide that one can only hope to skirt it, and take up a point here and there as it offers itself.

EVANS'S.

CELEBRATED in fiction, and the theme of many a country cousin's letter, Evans's concert-rooms are supposed to be our model music-hall. Evans's is the music-hall for gentlemen.

The casual visitor, looking along the benches at the oily-haired Israelite who tipsily keeps time to the music with his fat forefinger, and at the Gentile who seems to have borrowed his clothes and his trinkets from advertising Jews, might not, unaided, arrive at this conclusion; but the authority of tradition is not to be scouted. Evans's is respectable; and it is rendered so by a simple process. The superior—nay, superlative—morality of the male population of London is so notorious that all you have to do to make a place respectable is to exclude women from it. An entire absence of women, either as performers or audience, is, in short, a guarantee of respectability. Add to this the fact that Prudery himself (in Evans's everything *must* be of the masculine gender) might sit and listen to everything said or sung without a frown on his proverbially cheerful face. If the naughty Horace is permitted to mention the still naughtier Lalage, he does so in Latin; and when the abominable and unblushing Mary Queen of Scots sings a duet with Bothwell, not only are the words French, but the characters are represented by gentlemen who look as unlike Mary and Bothwell as it is possible for the human form divine to do. We would not for a moment be thought to hint that Evans's is dull because it is virtuous; but it is virtuous, and it is dull.

Now, music-halls are generally a reflex of the taste of their patrons. The proprietors, with such intelligence as it has pleased Providence to give them, study a certain section of the public, and strive to supply its wants. It becomes interesting, therefore, to know what sort of artistic entertainment is supposed to be best beloved by the gentlemen who are engaged upon a raw chop or a plateful of sanguineous kidneys at Evans's hospitable board. Let it be understood that in speaking of the aesthetic delights of Evans's, we do not infer that the spectators are always pleased. Indeed, the careful observer, who is not too much occupied with his plethoric steak, will oftentimes remark on some of the faces near him an expression which suggests unuttered bad language. "Very respectable place. You'll hear some good music there," says the anxious city cousin to his country kinsman. As they go into the room, a troop of unfortunate little boys, looking as if they had recently taken a dose of castor-oil, are just disappearing from the stage. "What shall we have next?" says the country cousin. "Some good music, you'll find—nothing low, and comic, and offensive, you understand. Indeed, the proprietor, as you will see by the book there, had the honour of superintending certain choral arrangements under the direction of 'the God-gifted Mendelssohn,' as he reverently calls him." There enters a person clad in scarlet, black, and gold tinsel, his costume being a combination of that of a harlequin with the "slashed" petticoat of a Parisian *soubrette*. This resplendent person wears a very old hat, and he begins his performance by twirling the hat in the air and catching it on his head. It is a highly intellectual amusement, and while there are discontented scowls on some faces, there are mouths and eyes which gradually open with wonder and admiration. The twirling of the hat having been accomplished, the performer makes experiments with certain musical instruments. He plays "My lodging is on the cold ground" through the spout of a tea-kettle; he extracts another air from a concertina, or some such instrument, with his one hand, and there is great applause as he successfully balances the concertina on his palm; and he endeavours to burst the tympana of his audience with the most brazen of brass instruments. What the "God-gifted Mendelssohn" might say of such a performance, we know not; but, as it is supposed to be suitable to the most respectable of our concert-rooms, we presume no further authority is required. Or perhaps our country visitor goes into the music-hall for gentlemen on another evening. A tall man, with a stained face, and his two sons, all elaborately dressed like the showmen at a penny fair, have just begun their charming, and pleasant, and instructive efforts to amuse the public by pitching balls and knives into the air. Then come the spinning of tops, running on rolling balls, and what not; the final tableau consisting of the three acrobats standing in a row, balancing a bit of paper on the point of their nose, then lighting the paper and allowing it to burn down to their skin. This, also, is entertainment of a very high kind for the gentlemen who desire to have aesthetic sauce with their undone food. Or perhaps the visitor is confronted by a ventriloquist, who scorns deception, and shows you his lips in motion while the inevitable man on the top of the house is asked why he won't come down, with the inevitable reply and counter-reply, "I can't get down!" "Oh, you can't get down?" The ventriloquist has two dolls on his knee, and he makes these dolls utter some words and sing snatches of song. Now, the ventrilo-

harlequin seem to have fair musical talent. Why do they go into this tawdry and offensive nonsense, which is only fit for children? Or is it that the pantomime business is supposed to be the most interesting part of their performance, and the music is only thrown in as propitiation to the shade of the "God-gifted Mendelssohn"?

But if Evans's, when it imitates a penny show, is rather dull, Evans's, when it tries to be amusing, is intolerable. An American paper once gave as an excuse for its demise, the fact that all its subscribers had been killed in convulsions of laughter over its jokes. If the gentleman who is celebrated as the "comic" of Evans's—whether he is or is not engaged there at present we do not know—were to be suspected of killing anybody, it would not be his wit which would have to be blamed. The sphere of this "comic" is politics. Occasionally he branches off into other matters—a boat-race, a divorce-scandal, or some such topic; but, as a rule, he prefers politics. He sings verses which are supposed to be extempore productions, although it is inconceivable that anything so silly could have been produced without a determined effort. If Mr. Matthew Arnold wants to see an incarnation of gross, brutal, British Philistinism, with all its worst characteristics of impudent conceit, sham shrewdness, and childish prejudice, he should see this "comic" and hear the flippant commonplace which sets the half-topsy young men—who know about as much of politics as they do of phlebotomy—into a state of delirious excitement. What condition of brain is necessary to make a man shout with uproarious admiration over such a couplet as this?—

"D is for Disraeli, a statesman wise and great,
Who knows well, as it seems to me, how to preserve the Church
and State."

"Aw likes to be cheerful," said an old parishioner one day, "and so I sits in the churchyard 'ere, on the top of a grave-stone, and I feels glad that I'm alive." Beyond the fact of having survived the listening to such balderdash, what element of enjoyment can be got out of Evans's "comic" material? It may be that when an audience has got itself into a state of fog through drinking much whisky-and-water, it loves to have wit and music at its own level. The "comic's" music is of a kind that was never written in staves, and his wit is of the sort that adds an argument to certain theories of the evolution of the human species. Anything more offensive to a person who is not tipsy than the idiotic twaddle of the representative Briton who stands up and sings commentaries on public affairs for the benefit of Britons as idiotic as himself, it is impossible to imagine. One of the most sagacious of Dr. Johnson's observations was, that a man who had been drinking in a certain company should not leave that company and go into fresh society. The former, being in the same condition as himself, would not notice any eccentricity of behaviour, while other persons almost certainly would. We should not, therefore, speak in cool blood of a performance addressed to an audience which shows by its applause the condition into which Kinahan and Glenlivet have placed it, but for the fact that all the people who go to Evans's are not thus qualified to appreciate the entertainment. There are men who fancy that we might have a music-hall for gentlemen; and who, almost as a matter of duty, patronize the nearest approach to it. That these persons should be offended and disgusted by the booth-like amusements which they encounter is a blunder and a pity. After having been at a dull dinner or a duller theatre, they are forced back to the smoking-room of their club, which is duller than either. There can be no refuge for them in such a place as Evans's. It is true that, having endured for an hour or so the lofty entertainment there offered to them, they may congratulate themselves on having escaped with their life; but to sit on a tombstone merely to realize the fact of being unburied is not a cheerful form of amusement. Not even the "God-gifted Mendelssohn" could reconcile us to that.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It has been our misfortune to awaken the wrath of Mr. Bradlaugh's journal, the *National Reformer*, by our remarks on that gentleman's candidature for Northampton. Editorial habit has constrained Mr. Bradlaugh to talk of himself as "we"; and so, identifying himself with the *National Reformer*, he says in another passage:—

"The recklessness of the *Daily Telegraph*, the coarseness of the *Review*, the weakness of *Judy*, the viciousness of the *Companion*, the malignity of the *Globe*, and the unfairness of

the *Star*, are now supplemented by the tremulant orthodoxy of the *Advertiser*. How can we resist such an array? We might reply to the polished *Pall Mall*, in the hope that its boasted culture would facilitate its comprehension of our rebuke for its contemptible virulence; but how are we to deal with the *Morning Advertiser*, which calls Avignon 'Mr. Mill's Swiss retreat'? The geography and orthodoxy of the 'Tiser' are beyond comment. Its motto is 'Beer for ever.' Let it drink again and be silent. The *Daily News*, which does not grow more liberal since its somewhat inexplicable connection with Messrs. W. H. Smith & Sons, the Tory news-agents, notices the Northampton election in a leader, which pleads for the 'aristocratic liberalism' of Lord Henley, and casts a stone at Mr. Mill for his gift to our election fund."

Our election fund!—and yet Mr. Bradlaugh complains of our having accredited him with statements published in the *National Reformer* which he himself did not write. However, that paper, and one or two others of a similar stamp, seem to labour under the impression that we objected to Mr. Bradlaugh as a member of Parliament because of his irreligious opinions. Nothing could be further from the truth, as we have already pointed out. But the utterances of Mr. Bradlaugh upon the religion of other people are a quite decisive indication of his want of that judgment and temperate common-sense which are indispensable in a Parliamentary candidate. No one but a man of the shallowest and most uncultured mind would commit the gratuitous offence of wantonly outraging the religious sentiments of people who think differently from himself. They may think rightly, or they may think wrongly; that does not affect the question. A man who has exhibited the narrow illiberality, impudence, and disregard for common decency which have distinguished Mr. Bradlaugh's public appearances is not the man to represent a constituency which is supposed to be possessed of the virtues of modesty and discretion.

AMONGST the curiosities of election literature we must place an address to the electors and "electoresses" of Chester issued this week by a Mr. James Bedford, who will not solicit votes, as he deems "the canvassing of candidates a degradation to themselves and an insult to the electors (and electoresses); but should the electors and electoresses "solicit him in sufficient numbers, recorded at the poll," he hopes to prove himself, &c., but he must be returned free of all expense. This is a little too much. Mr. James Bedford, coyly ensconced at a first-floor front in Bayswater, shading his blushing face with one of his own placards, while the electoresses of Chester solicit him, to the neglect of Earl Grosvenor! Mr. James Bedford promises to advocate many things, and, among others, "the opening of all public places of instruction on the Sun's-day;" "the abolition of the confessional in the whole of the British empire." He adds, "I suggest—to Roman Catholics and others—confession at the altar, in the presence of the congregation—but, only within hearing of the priest—if, the foolish practice be persisted in, to any besides God." He also desires, perhaps with a feeling of instinctive interest, a revision of the lunacy laws. Is Mr. James Bedford a second Cromwell emerging from obscurity? or is he a candidate for admission to one of those admirable institutions provided by counties for the residence of persons whose ideas are not in conformity with those of the average human intellect?

MISS MARY CARPENTER has left England for India on her mission to the native women of our great Eastern dependency. Her object is to found a system of schools in which young Indian girls may receive an education consonant with modern needs and modern ideas, together with the rudiments of a pure and exalted Theism. We do not understand Miss Carpenter's object to be at all sectarian or proselytizing; but it is obvious that, if she succeeds in her design, she will help to break down the wild and monstrous mythology of the Brahminical faith, as it now exists in India. The native women who follow that religion—and they are the majority—are injured in many ways by the absurdity of the views they profess. They suffer alike in intellect and morals, and, by a reflex action, in physique as well. The men, in their turn, are influenced by the women, though, as in Roman Catholic countries, their conformity is often more a matter of decent observance than of real feeling. Education, after the European model, is undoubtedly required in India, and particularly for girls. Miss Carpenter, as a Unitarian, must have been especially shocked, on the occasion of her recent visit to the East, by the fantastic and hideous polytheism of the ancient religions. The Mohammedans have put an end to these ugly dreams wherever their own simple faith has prevailed: it remains for Miss Carpenter and her lady companions to work towards the same end from a

Christian starting-point. The interesting work published by this admirable lady a few months ago, which we noticed in the LONDON REVIEW of March 14, shows how much there is to be amended, and how difficult is the task which these female reformers have undertaken.

ON Tuesday last a meeting was held at the Guildhall to raise a fund towards the relief of the sufferers by the recent earthquake in Peru and Ecuador. The Lord Mayor was in the chair, and Mr. Newman Hunt, Mr. Alfred Rothschild, Mr. Thomas Baring, M.P., Mr. H. H. Gibbs, Sir J. Lubbock, and Mr. Goschen, M.P., were among the speakers. Sir John Lubbock stated that the subscriptions already promised amounted to £6,500. All the principal London bankers will receive subscriptions. The committee-room is 31, Bush-lane, Cannon-street; and Mr. Sidney Smith is the secretary. It is unnecessary to add a word in commendation of this charitable project.

ANOTHER illustration of the corrupting influence of highwayman literature has been seen in the vicinity of the town of Newbury, Berkshire. Several persons have recently been attacked on the neighbouring roads, after dark, by a man in a mask, who, by the gentle logic of a levelled pistol, has induced them to pay unwilling tribute in the shape of money, watches, chains, &c. One evening, however, the robber found more than his match. He demanded contributions of a young man named Syndell, who was not content to yield either his valuables or his life. He accordingly struck aside the ruffian's arm, caning the pistol to go off in the air, and, seizing hold of the highwayman by the waist, detained him until, by the help of others, he was enabled to lodge him in the lock-up. The delinquent proved to be a youth of nineteen, by trade a painter, and by external appearance a very inoffensive fellow—so inoffensive, indeed, that the police had never suspected him in connection with the robberies. This amiable lad had been "keeping company" with a servant girl, and to her he had given, as delicate tokens of his affection, divers numbers of two romances, entitled "The Black Highwayman" and "Black Bess, or a Knight of the Road," some portraits of Dick Turpin, and a coloured illustration of one of the stories. The young fellow had furthermore adopted the flash name of a favourite character, and had told some of the persons whom he had stopped to report that they had been in the hands of "Captain Hawk." The captain, no doubt, regarded himself as a high-spirited, noble fellow, with a soul above painting, and a special genius for the elegant pursuit of highway robbery. The mischievous books he had been in the habit of reading had distorted his moral sense, and his common-sense as well; and they have performed the like evil service for a great many other persons, of whom we hear from time to time.

THERE is such a thing as carrying a joke too far; but the Rev. Mr. Purchas, of Brighton, seems to have forgotten the fact until made aware of it by the interposition of the Bishop of Chichester. Mr. Purchas is the officiating clergyman at St. James's Chapel, where ritualistic proceedings have recently been carried to a great height, culminating in a harvest festival, which had all the characteristics of a Romish ceremonial, with a dash or two of Paganism. The vicar (the Rev. H. M. Wagner) showed great dissatisfaction with the altar arrangements at the chapel, and expressed his intention to preach there himself on the following day, which was Sunday. Mr. Purchas, however, asserted that the chapel was his private property, and trusted that the vicar would not persevere in his design. Mr. Wagner accordingly communicated with the Bishop of Chichester; but in the meanwhile a petition to his lordship had been prepared by the townspeople, and signed by 648 members of the Church of England. This, and the representations of Mr. Wagner, produced their effect. A letter from the Bishop was received by one of the petitioners, giving him permission to prosecute Mr. Purchas in the Arches Court, after the due preliminary forms have been gone through; but his lordship seems to think it would be wiser to wait until "the questions which would be raised in any such suit" have been settled by legislation, which he anticipates will soon be. For the present, the Bishop is compelled to satisfy himself by inhibiting Mr. Purchas "from preaching, administering the sacraments, or officiating in divine service" in the diocese over which his lordship presides. Mr. Purchas, however, maintains that he is legally justified in disregarding the inhibition; so that we are threatened with a new Church scandal. Inhibition is always a disagreeable weapon to resort to; but when we find

Protestant clergymen openly outraging Protestantism, to the disgust of their own congregation, it becomes a necessity to bring them to their senses by the powers of the law, or at least (if that be impossible, as it probably is) to prevent their doing further mischief. The law allows, and ought to allow, considerable latitude; but it has its defined limits, like other things, and, as we began by intimating, Mr. Purchas carried the joke too far.

SOME coercive jurisdiction is also required in the case of the Rev. Mr. Mossman, vicar of Torrington, in Devonshire, who, dissenting from the opinion of Dr. Newman that Anglican orders have no validity, addresses to him a letter in which he says:—

"I know something of the troubles of this distracted English Church; and I feel strongly that those terrible distractions are to be healed, not by Anglican priests coming to a belief that they are only laymen—even if it be unbaptized laymen—but by their believing in their priesthood, and acting upon it. And then, when they do this, I feel sure that, in God's own good time, it will come to pass that Anglicans will also see that it is God's will that they should submit to the Holy Apostolic See, and that it is their duty, as well as their privilege, to be in communion with that bishop who alone is the true successor of Peter, and, by Divine providence, the primate of the Catholic Church. The lurid, murky flame of Protestantism, enkindled in the sixteenth century, is rapidly becoming quenched, and the true light of the Gospel, which twice before came to England from Rome, is once more beginning to beam upon us from the Eternal City, where the Prince of the Apostles and the Doctor of the Gentiles shed their blood."

Mr. Mossman's conclusion is at war with his premiss. If the Pope is the only true successor of Peter, and the only head of the Church, it is difficult to see how those who have been ordained without his interposition, and indeed in defiance of him, can have the quality of priesthood which is here asserted for them. But, whether or not, ought Mr. Mossman to remain in connection with a Church which he reviles?

THERE are some instances of cruelty which move in us almost as much astonishment as indignation. A man was charged, the other day, at the Cirencester petty sessions, with a series of outrages on his stepson, a boy of eleven—outrages so savage and so prolonged that they are difficult of belief. The poor little fellow was suffering from stone, and because, as a consequence of his disease, his habits were in some respects not cleanly, he was treated with frightful brutality. The details need not be here given; it is enough to say that he was shut up in a room, and, by blows, kicks, confinement, subjection to filth, and ill-feeding, was in time reduced to a state of terrible emaciation and disease. The wretch who had so abused his trust was sentenced to four months' imprisonment, with hard labour. Is this sufficient to satisfy justice? If the offence had been one against property, the offender would have suffered more severely; but, short of murdering your victim outright, you may do a great deal in the way of ferocity for a comparatively slight punishment. The first and the last feeling one has about these cases, however, is that of simple wonderment that human nature can produce such men. They are a kind of monstrosity, as much wanting in some moral quality as men born without arms are wanting in physical completeness.

Two men—a porter and a bricklayer—were on Tuesday charged at the Clerkenwell Police-court with cruelly torturing two dogs, by causing them to fight in the street. The prosecution was instituted by the Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Animals, and two policemen gave most distinct and precise testimony in support of the charge. One of the constables stated that he had been sent to the spot by a gentleman who had seen the fight going on, but who did not appear as a witness; and he gave evidence as to the condition of the dogs, and the words and actions of the defendants—evidence which was confirmed in every respect by the other constable. The men asserted that, so far from encouraging their dogs to fight, they were endeavouring to separate them; and the magistrate was good-natured enough to accept this view of the case, though the prisoners were unable to call any witnesses, except as to general character. The statement of one of the men went far to corroborate the charge, by proving too much on the other side. He said he had his dog under his arm when the other dog attacked it. That one dog should attack another when that other is under a man's arm seems very unlikely; but why in that case did the man set his dog down, unless he desired it to fight? It is certainly rather strange that two persons accused of an offence should be discharged simply on their own

denial, and in the teeth of positive statements by two witnesses to the contrary. But there seems to be a disposition on the part of magistrates at present to throw great discredit on the testimony of policemen. Some recent cases have certainly shown that that class of evidence is not always to be relied on, and it should of course be carefully scrutinized; but if it is to be laid down as a rule that a policeman is never to be believed, however reasonable and consistent the story he tells, and however little there may be to contradict him, the rogues and ruffians are likely to have a fine time of it. In the present case the policemen could hardly have been mistaken. Either they told the truth, or they committed perjury; and there seems no reason for supposing the latter.

SOME points which appear in the meeting of the Congregational Union in Leeds, on Tuesday, do not come within the ordinary scope of journalistic comment, but they deserve to be placed on record. In a discussion upon the question what should be held to constitute Church membership among the Independents, "the Rev. Samuel Martin, of Westminster, said he had never refused the Communion to any one who expressed a sincere desire to partake." And the "Rev. Joseph Beazley, of Blackheath, said there had in some places been a modification of the tediousness of the steps which used to be preliminary, and which were very inquisitive, as to the antecedents of the applicant for admission to the Lord's table. His notion of what the terms of admission should be was, that each person should be left to pronounce on his own [fitness]; that each applicant should be received on the ground of deliberate, intelligent, and expressed desire, where sincerity of such desire was sustained by pure moral conduct; and that the mode of admission should not be such as would intimidate the nervous of any sex or any condition of life." If these expressions of opinion are compared with some statements in a recent paper in the *Fortnightly Review* on the internal policy of the Independents, a great difference will be observed.

THE reporter who does the Police News for the *Daily Telegraph* should beware of exercising too wide a discretion in suppressing matter of public interest. He recorded with great minuteness a scene at the Marlborough-street Police-court on Wednesday, in which two "gentlemen" and a "female" were charged with being drunk and disorderly in the Haymarket, but wound up the story in these vague terms:—"Mr. Tyrwhitt, having indulged in a witticism at the expense of the defendants, dismissed the female, and fined the others ten shillings or seven days each." It is not fair to Mr. Tyrwhitt to suppress his jokes. The reporter should have told us what the "witticism" was, or should at least have communicated to the public his reason for declining to describe it.

CONSOLS are quoted 94½ to 94⅔ for money and 94⅔ to 95⅓ for the account (Nov. 5). Railway shares are higher. Foreign securities have been buoyant. Colonial Government securities are without change, with one or two unimportant exceptions. The business in bank shares has been somewhat limited. Alterations in the miscellaneous market are few and unimportant. The best descriptions of mining shares have been inquired for, and a tolerably brisk business done. The *Investors' Guardian* states that the following companies have been lately duly registered:—British Standard Life Insurance Corporation—capital, £2,000,000, in £5 shares; Manchester and Counties Land and Building Association—capital, £30,000, in £50 shares; Birchell's Estate—capital, £40,000, in £100 shares; Gisborne Signal and Points—capital, £30,000, in £5 shares; La Luz Silver Mining—capital, £50,000, in £2. 10s. shares. Messrs. M. N. Rothschild & Sons, and the Bank of New South Wales, acting as the agents for the Government of New South Wales, invite tenders for a 5 per cent. loan of £1,000,000, for the purpose of completing railways already sanctioned, and secured upon the consolidated revenues of the colony. The loan is to be redeemed by a sinking fund of 2 per cent. by annual drawings at par, to commence in December, 1872, and the interest on the cancelled bonds is to be applied in purchase of the debentures. Tenders will be received at the Bank of New South Wales till Tuesday, the 20th inst., at one o'clock. A deposit of 5 per cent. will be required on application; 10 per cent. is to be paid on the 4th of January, 1869; 10 per cent. on the 1st of February; 10 per cent. on the 1st of March; and the balance on the 1st of April. Payment in full can be made under discount at the Bank of England rate. Tenders for bills of exchange on Calcutta and Madras, to the extent of

20,00,000 rupees, will be received at the Bank of England on the 21st inst.

THE joint committee of management of the Anglo-American and Atlantic Telegraph Companies have resolved, on and after the 1st of November, to count cable messages by words only, instead of counting by words and letters as at present. The half-yearly dividends on the Cape of Good Hope Five and Six per Cent. General Purposes Loans, on the Six per Cent. Kowie Harbour, Mossel Bay, Port Elizabeth, and Table Bay Harbour Works Debentures, and on the Natal Government Six per Cent. Debentures, also three months' dividend on the New Zealand Consolidated Loan of 1867, are announced for payment at the offices of the Crown agents for the colonies. It is understood that the North Australian Company have directed their solicitors, Messrs. Hughes, Masterman, & Hughes, to place an attachment on moneys belonging to the Government of South Australia in the hands of the London and Westminster Bank and the Bank of South Australia, to the extent of £19,741. 10s. and upwards. The particulars are published of 502 bonds, amounting to £77,200 of the Viceroy of Egypt's Nine per Cent. Loan, which have been drawn, and will be paid off at par at the Ottoman Bank on the 22nd November.

THE report of the directors of the Scottish Fire Insurance Company (Limited) has been issued, in anticipation of the annual meeting at Edinburgh on the 21st inst. The premiums received during the year, after deducting re-insurances, were—On new policies, £25,590. 15s. 4d.; on renewals, £6,389. 17s. 10d. The claims paid during the same period amounted to £14,038. 5s. 8d., being about 43·89 per cent. on the net amount of premiums received. The balance-sheets show that, after defraying all losses and expenses for the year, including a further instalment of one-tenth of the preliminary expenses, the surplus at the credit of profit and loss amounts to £8,594. 16s. 2d., which the directors recommend should be applied as follows:—In payment of a dividend of 7½ per cent., free of income-tax, placing £5,000 to the reserve fund, and leaving a balance of £639. 13s. 2d. to be carried to next account.

MEMORANDA.

THE first number of Mr. Anthony Trollope's new serial has been issued. The story begins with a very pretty little quarrel between a husband and wife, over the visits of a dangerous bachelor. Of course it is impossible to say anything of "He Knew He was Right" from this instalment; but the pages before us are written in Mr. Trollope's best manner, and are very readable, if not very striking.

"A Stable for Night-mares"—an advertisement which has had its intended effect of puzzling a good many people—is the title of the Christmas number of *Tinsley's Magazine*. By the way, the same publishers will shortly issue a life of Margaret of Anjou, by Mrs. Hookham.

A very odd bit of stage-effect is to be seen in "The King o' Scots" at Drury Lane. The villain of the drama is supposed to be thrown into the Thames; though, in fact, he plunges into the river apparently with the most pronounced intention of getting to the bottom. Immediately afterwards his dead body is seen floating down the stream, with the face upward. This extraordinary piece of absurdity was liberally hissed on the opening night (when the villain's spangled dress, glittering in the lime-light, made him look like a podgy salmon being dragged through green gauze), and, even now, when the effect is toned down, the audience seems inclined to resent such an open violation of the possible. Besides, in spite of innumerable pictures, is it not a fact that drowned men invariably float with the face downwards?

The American publishers of Mr. Morris's poems have sent us a little pamphlet, in which they print all the well-deserved praise which English and American critics have bestowed upon Mr. Morris's works. They avow their intention to have been partly to preserve these good opinions, and partly "to aid in spreading the fame of the 'rising poet.'" Certainly a very good intention; and Mr. Morris has reason, so far, to thank his American publishers. But it is perhaps needless to suggest that, if this pamphlet is the only "honorarium" to be granted to Mr. Morris for the right of publishing his poems, the compliment is an insufficient one.

The literary purity and personal good taste of Dr. George MacDonald will not be questioned by any of our readers. In a recent article the LONDON REVIEW hinted that Mr. Palgrave was a little wanting in moral courage when he excluded Spenser's "Epithalamion" from the "Golden Treasury." Well, in the first part of "England's Antiphon," a collection of sacred poetry, Dr. MacDonald refers to the poem in these terms (page 65):—"I know of no marriage present worthy to be compared with the 'Epithalamion,' which Spenser gave his wife in lieu of many ornaments—one of the most stately, melodious, and tender poems in the world, I fully believe." Dr. MacDonald has rightly disdained to say, also, one of the purest. It was solely for want of space that we did not

at the time suggest that some bookseller should reprint the "Epithalamion," expressly as a wedding gift, with illustrations by some competent artist. Mr. F. Leighton is the man, if he would only do it. Who speaks first, of all our enterprising London publishers?

The drama of "Monte Christo," which is shortly to be produced at the Adelphi Theatre, is, we learn from the *Orchestra*, much altered from the original novel. Mercedes appears as Monte Christo's mistress, and Albert de Moncerf, as his illegitimate son. These alterations, which necessarily involve others, seem to us to be not only preposterous, but entirely gratuitous. Of all stories in the world, one would have thought that "Monte Christo" offered plenty of dramatic incident to the playwright, without compelling him to hack and hew the very foundation of the original plot. However, it remains to be seen in what spirit he has done his work.

Miss Bateman will appear as "Leah" at the Haymarket Theatre on Monday evening.

The halfpenny evening paper, the *Mercury*, which had just begun to get itself talked about, expired a few days ago. And yet there seems no reason why a well sub-edited evening paper, at a half-penny, should not be successful in London. There are numbers of people going home by bus and rail who really want the merest summary of news—the telegrams, commercial quotations, and so forth. Whether there is much inducement in offering a newspaper for a halfpenny instead of a penny we do not pretend to say; but an evening paper, much briefer and more condensed than any at present being published, ought to commend itself.

An ancient bookseller, belonging to a bygone era, has just died in the Charter-house—Brother Robert Triphook, aged eighty-seven. For more than forty years, we are told, Triphook was a noted bibliopolist, and many celebrated characters are mentioned as having been among his customers. His shop was a celebrated lounge also, where the Coleridge and Leigh Hunt school were wont to meet. Byron, Hobhouse, Shelley, and others were among the old bookseller's acquaintances; and Sir Walter Scott employed him to collect the materials on which "The Pirate" was founded.

We are glad to learn that the Leigh Hunt Memorial Fund is completed. Observing a statement that the committee still lacked £80, Mr. Childs, proprietor of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, wrote to Mr. S. C. Hall to say that he would gladly make up the deficiency. By that time, however, the subscription list had been almost closed, so that it was unnecessary to accept the generous offer.

A careful census, says the *British Medical Journal*, has been recently taken, of which the object is to estimate the amount of cretinism in the valleys and mountains of Switzerland. In the nineteen cantons there were found 3,431 cases of cretinism, and 6,258 cases of insanity; and, as the population of the country amounts to 2,032,119 inhabitants, it follows that these 10,058 persons of weak mind give the enormous proportion of one mentally diseased person in 202 inhabitants; and even this is believed to be below the truth.

Here is an advertisement from the *Era*—"Powell's Grand Circus, Northampton. Wanted, Artistes in all Branches of the Profession; Tumbling, also Talking Clowns may apply. Mr. Ware, Clown, can write. Silence to be considered a courteous negative." We are glad to know that Mr. Ware, although a clown, can write. We presume the statement is made to distinguish him from clowns who can only talk. The grammar of the last sentence is vague, otherwise we should say that to a talking or writing clown we should prefer a clown in a perpetual condition of courteous negative.

Manchester has been looking up recently in the way of local literature. She has started two weekly magazines, respectively named the *Sphinx* and the *Shadow*, both of them being published at a penny a number. The *Shadow* has a good deal of substance in it; and, but for its politics, which are rather hazily treated, we should prefer it to its rival. In the number before us there is a very clever paper, called "Sunday in Shirt Sleeves," and a very poor paper called, "A Heathen in Search of a Political Creed," the latter by Mr. James Greenwood. We should be glad to know what profound fun there is in making a woman call the Liberal party, "ragamuffins of the Finlen breed." Doubtless it is a joke; but we fail to see the point of it. Mr. Dutton Cooke, Mr. Sawyer, and Mr. R. Whiteing are among the contributors to the *Shadow*.

Messrs. Saunders, Otley, & Co. announce a new novel, "Olive Varcoe," by Francis Derrick, author of "Mildred's Wedding," &c.

Regarding the natural transmission of generic and specific characteristics, on which Mr. Darwin and others have recently advanced so many curious speculations, a correspondent of *Notes and Queries* mentions a singular circumstance in the domain of genealogy. "One day," he says, "many years ago, the late Mr. T. Crofton Croker showed me a portrait in an old book, concealing the title-page, and asked me, did I know any one whom it was like? 'To be sure I do,' said I; 'it is the very image of John Herrick.' The book was the 'Poems of Robert Herrick,' and printed in the middle of the seventeenth century; and John Herrick was a gentleman living in the county of Cork, whom we both knew. He always asserted that he was of the same family as the poet; and as the latter had, I believe, no children, he could not be his descendant, and so the likeness must have come from a more remote ancestor. As far as I know, none of J. Herrick's family had the same cast of countenance. I think I have read somewhere that, in the present century, a lady descended from the Wicliff family bore a striking resemblance to the reformer."

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

MUNITIONS OF WAR.*

The title adopted from the able Report which is the groundwork of our observations is suggestive to the public chiefly of bungling and expense. If some of the patriots who may obtain seats in the new House of Commons were to move for a return showing the amounts spent during the last ten years upon warlike munitions which have been found to be useless, or more dangerous to friends than foes, the exposure would be most damaging to the departments involved. The plan we have followed is to have periodical "reconstructions" of our arms and ships, and after the reconstruction has been completed at the expense of that long-suffering creature the public, the value of the changes have been tested by "Warrior targets," and such like models, and almost in every instance found to be utterly defective. General Peel and others seem to imagine that it is something for a Government to boast of if it has expended upon munitions of war more money in a given time than any of its predecessors, forgetting that an expenditure which results in giving us a bungled and condemned weapon, or an ironclad which can neither sail nor keep out shot, is so much national strength wasted, and so much property taken from the people and flung into the sea.

We do not desire to affix the charge of extravagance on one party more than another. The Liberals, stimulated by Lord Palmerston, are responsible for the fortification scheme, a plan of defence for England which might have been deemed to excel in absurdity, had the existing Government not hastened to arm, with guns which are chiefly remarkable for bursting, the monuments of granite which have been reared in commemoration of official timidity and a Parliament's weak complicity in expensive whims and oddities. Not only have the guns with which they have resolved to arm such of the fortifications as are not tottering many serious defects, but now that a large expenditure has been incurred, the whole science of gunnery, defence, and fortifications must undergo most important modifications in consequence of the invention of Captain Moncrieff of the Edinburgh Militia Artillery. We have built walls of vast strength, with port-holes at regulated distances for guns, but always with the conviction that if the gunners were not covered the walls were practically good for nothing. Hence has come a demand for iron shields to defend the port-holes and a new source of jobbery been opened up. Captain Moncrieff has discovered a mode of making the huge guns themselves perform the functions alike of a shield and an offensive weapon by so regulating certain ingenious machinery that, when loaded, the guns elevate themselves to the firing level, and after the discharge gently lower themselves out of view, to be reloaded in safety and comfort. This process is effected chiefly by utilizing the force of the recoil. The invention has only been recently tested at Shoeburyness, and is consequently in its infancy, but it promises great results. One of these appears to be the entire reversal of our system of fortification. Safety to the gunners can never be gained by building up a structure however solid, and coating it with iron however thick. Modern artillery will find the weak point and be able to destroy anything which has been reared by human hands. If, however, we can get our guns to ascend to the firing level, and then return gently to their places, the fortification ought to be a line of trenches, not a line of wall—a line impossible to distinguish at the distance of a mile from the ground around it; and out of which, at a spot that the besieger is unable to determine with accuracy, a muzzle may suddenly appear to belch forth its bolt with a spit of fire and a terrible roar, and then, like some demon from the lower world, disappear as suddenly as it arose.

It has been for years clear to every one who has studied the subject of gunnery—to every one, that is, except the official persons whose duty it is to arrive at wise determinations—that comparative safety in land defences or ironclads was to be found by baffling the aim of the huge guns of modern times, rather than in vain endeavours to get an iron shield or thickness of plated armour, capable of prolonged resistance. The Report of the United States Commissioners before us enters with great fulness into the whole question of guns and projectiles. The authors come to the conclusion that the American Rodman gun, throwing its solid round shot, is superior for destructive purposes to any of the European rifled cannon. It is impossible for us to enter into this question, nor

* Report to the Government of the United States on the Munitions of War exhibited at the Paris Universal Exhibition, 1867. By Charles B. Norton, late Lieut.-Col. U. S. V., and W. J. Valentine, Esq., President of U. S. Com., 1868. London : H. & F. N. Spon, Charing-cross.

is it necessary for our immediate purpose, as we are satisfied that both European and American artillery can be found powerful enough to destroy any ironclad that can float, or any fortification to which they can be brought within reasonable distance. The Duke of Somerset had evidently arrived at a similar conclusion when he suggested the propriety of allowing the bolts to go right through a vessel, rather than run the chance of having a breach like a church-door opened in the sides of an ironclad while a heavy sea might be running. We are disposed to think, however, that whatever might be the theoretical opinion of a First Lord of the Admiralty, sitting safe in his office, or speaking at his ease in either House of Parliament, captains and crews, as a piece of practical seamanship, would prefer not to see the bolts enter, even with the chance of their going right through. Shells such as those which are made in Woolwich by thousands have an awkward habit of exploding. It is not in the nature of the solid shot of the Rodman gun to go right through, but to crush the sides of a wooden frigate like an egg-shell. These considerations, which are probably too simple and commonplace for the mind of a Duke, induce us to look with still greater confidence to that solution of the difficulty which is to be found in vessels difficult to hit, and so sufficiently protected as to give them a fair chance of warding off casual shots at angles unfavourable to penetration. The United States Commissioners have no hesitation in ridiculing the principle upon which European war-ships are built, and of coming to the conclusion that the Monitors are greatly superior to either the French or English ironclads. We can appreciate these feelings of satisfaction, which are not the mere vapourings of national pride, but, as the careful and elaborate Report shows, the sound conclusions of men of sense and skill, whose duty it was to examine the whole question, and to give the best advice to their Government. Several reasons have combined to prevent us taking a rational course in regard to the reconstruction of the navy. Naval officers naturally feel a pride and satisfaction in commanding great ships, with crews as numerous as a battalion. They imagine that if small, handy, strong turret-ships are to be the order of the day, the naval captain of the present will soon become a hero of the past. He will descend to the rank of a master of a coasting steamer, and be greatly inferior in social status to the captain of a China clipper. The officials, from the highest to the lowest, abhor the notion of being indebted to America for a new principle of naval construction, and they combat, moreover, any plan which is forced upon their notice by civilians. For these reasons they go on making huge ironclads which, with all their armour, cannot resist modern artillery, and which their captains admit roll so much in a sea-way that the ports cannot be opened. If they could do so, they know that on firing, the shot would as probably go in the air as hit any object afloat. One of these unwieldy monsters, weak in all their seeming strength, would serve as an excellent target to a turret-ship rolling only a few degrees, and, from the proximity of her guns to the water-line, able to plant dangerous blows on the exposed sides of her huge adversary.

The half-plated battery ships which are now being built are simply Monitors, not half protected, and too large for any useful purpose. Two classes of vessels are necessary for a perfect navy,—ships of great swiftness for ocean cruising after merchantmen, capable of throwing a shot several miles, and ships for fighting purposes, in which invulnerability shall not depend upon armour alone, but upon that other protection—which nothing but preposterous folly would overlook—the difficulty of hitting, except at very close quarters, a moving object lying low on the water, and exposing only a sharp stem to the gun. The fighting ships of the future will be only large enough to encounter a heavy sea, without danger, as strong as is consistent with perfect buoyancy, and showing to an enemy as small a front as possible. The Report of Colonel Norton and Mr. Valentine gives also an exhaustive view of the position of the breech-loading rifle question. It does not concede that place to the converted Snider which it holds in General Peel's estimation. We are, however, quite satisfied that the converted Snider is sufficient to keep off our premises any unconverted heathens who may think England a fine country to sack. We sleep in perfect security, and wake up without once looking east or west for the approaching foe. Happily the country has been spared the ignominy of a war panic for several years, and well may it rest in peace. Including militia and volunteers, we have 500,000 men at call; we have 400,000 converted Sniders in store; we have acres of ground covered with Frazer's last edition of Armstrong; we have Whitworth standing aside to supply us with the best field-gun for long range and precision whenever we shall cease to spend

money upon a less useful article. We have Krupp beckoning to us to invest in a monument of steel, such as he has presented to King William for the fortress of Kiel, a gun which is larger than the famous Mons Meg of Edinburgh Castle, and which, like Meg, will doubtless stand silent and solitary, to be admired by after generations, but never fired in anger. We have ironclads which, if not framed upon sound principles, are at least more than equal to all possible European opponents; and lastly, we have Captain Moncrieff come to teach us how to plant guns in the deep places of the earth, whence, apparently without human help, they can emerge, hurl forth their terrible bolts, and disappear as quickly as the flash of their own discharge. One step more, and we shall have reached perfection. Let some captain of marines (since the militia have done so nobly) invent a plan to enable the gun to consume its own smoke, and the secrecy will be complete. The roar is impalpable to sight, nor can the foe take aim by the ear. Demoralized and appalled, the invader must retire, to fall a prey to our mosquito fleet barely distinguishable on the distant horizon.

THE BRAMLEIGHS OF BISHOP'S FOLLY.*

A good many years ago Mr. Thackeray wrote a series of burlesque imitations of popular novelists, and included Mr. Lever in the catalogue, setting down a chapter for his mimetic purpose under the heading of "The Fighting Onety-oneth." It was, next to the continuation of "Ivanhoe," perhaps the most striking of the literary caricatures, and was all the more telling from the fact that its extravagance seemed only a natural production of the style of the author of "Charles O'Malley." Since then Mr. Lever has, it may be said, never ceased to write. Commencing his career as a romancist by filling out wild Irish stories with semi-historical pictures, he has by degrees abandoned his old ground of action and gradually tried his hand in the more difficult department of domestic fiction. He has not done this all at once. "Charles O'Malley," "Jack Hinton," and "Harry Lorrequer" may be taken as types of the "Onety-oneth" set; "Sir Jasper Carew," "Roland Cashel," and "The O'Donoghue" exemplify the transition period; while "The Daltons," "Sir Brooke Fosbrooke," and the work now before us illustrate the latest manner in which Mr. Lever has chosen to write. We have not enumerated half his novels in this catalogue, but those given are so far representative. We may, however, include two tales, "Con Cregan" and "A Life's Romance," in which he evidently wished to exercise himself in a quieter vein than that to which he had originally accustomed his readers. In both these stories there is an attempt at humour and satire as distinguished from mere fun. In fact we may arrive at the key to the change in Mr. Lever's style by assuming that the reputation he achieved by "Jack Hinton" and his legendary comrades did not quite satisfy his ambition. There is about all he does a certain ambition and conscientiousness, and we are inclined to think that he felt as much vexed as pleased by his being considered a sort of notorious historian of Hibernico-military farce. Critics would never give him credit for being anything but funny, and he was determined to show them that he had a great deal more in him than a keen sense of the ludicrous. Now, if we take it that he has aimed at the highest branch of his art, the display of genuine humour—that humour which includes a divine compassion as well as a deep satire—we cannot regard him as being thoroughly successful. He has sharpened his fun into wit, but he has not refined it into humour. In the "Bramleighs" we constantly find smart pungent things, but never one of those thrilling touches which suddenly seem to discover and illustrate a new aspect of life or thought. Then, again, we imagine that Mr. Lever, in his improved mode, has got too strong a taste for drawing rogues and insincere people. When you find so many of them, and find them so loquacious, you begin to suspect that the author has been making them the mouthpieces of a commonplace book. In the "Bramleighs" the characters are as impartially charged with epigrams as are the maid, mistress, servant, and master in "The Rivals." Augusta Bramleigh writes letters so like the compositions of "Cornelius O'Dowd" in *Blackwood* that you can perceive at once how nearly related both those personages are to Mr. Lever. Mr. Cutbill might be taken from this book and placed on the stage for comedy without polishing one of his sentences brighter than they now are. Julia L'Estrange is a favourite type of woman with Mr. Lever. We have met her before in "Barrington," as Polly Dill; but

* The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly. By Charles Lever. Three vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

we should not object to meet her again elsewhere. It is a common trick of romancists to describe a girl as hiding a passion under cover of a smart half-cynical indifference; and the habit of contrasting her real sentiments with her conduct, and both with the vehement out-spokenness of her lover, is one to which we are accustomed. Yet in Mr. Lever's hands this business does not weary. Ordinary novelists of either gender break down miserably in trying to manage repressed affections. Mr. Lever, through sheer knowledge, study, and practice, has arrived at the knack of delineating at least one kind of woman to the life, and she is invariably a woman of tongue as well as of soul. Indeed, it might strike the reader, for instance, when he gazes on the glittering of the conversational bodkin with which Miss Julia L'Estrange probes her friends and foes, that her future husband, Jack Bramleigh, may not have altogether a good time of it after marriage. If any one speaks off guard this young lady is down upon him instantly. She does this so persistently that one cannot help dreading that the habit may become chronic, and that the table of domestic happiness at which she is afterwards to sit down with a husband may be over-furnished with dishes unduly seasoned with Attic salt. Mr. Lever of course may say he leaves her with her lover; but if a notion of pity for a hero lingers in the mind of a novel-reader when he lays down a book, it is easy to see that such a frame of mind is inconsistent with a prolonged admiration for the heroine. Novels (except the grand epics of fiction) ought to close like the finish of a play in which we see every one going to the heavenly flies of the theatre amidst a pyrotechnic blaze and the sympathy of the fiddler, the trombone, and the pit, or the friends of the author of the drama, if it be a new one.

Mr. Lever's diplomatic agency has brought him into contact with ministers, it would seem, of the most remarkable conversational powers, and of the Machiavellian school of policy. We ought not perhaps hastily to assume that Lord Culduff is a sketch from nature, or even a coloured photograph from the life. We must bear in mind that of all writers Mr. Lever is the most daring in one particular. He never sticks at putting down the conversation of an emperor, a grand duke, or a duchess, and in one of his books we remember he flushed a whole covey of kings and czars, and served them up at a supper given by the wife of an Irish attorney in Paris. There is something piquant about his courage in this respect. His method of dishing their highnesses and graces must not be confounded with the mock-turtle notabilities of authors who are bound by contract to find a countess for every column; he brings great people into his stories not for ornament, but for use, and in the case referred to, Alexander, Emperor of all the Russias, was simply introduced to set off honest Paul Rooney, of Dublin, attorney-at-law. Lord Culduff, one of the distinguished personages in the "Bramleighs," is not allowed to waste his time in idle state—he speaks and moves a great deal in the drama. His talk is simply wonderful. When this story was running in the *Cornhill*, we called attention to the exceeding spirit and vivacity of its dialogue; we may repeat that Lord Culduff, Mr. Cutbill, and Julia L'Estrange, would be most effective on the boards. Lord Culduff is, in fact, a little stagey. He is so persistently manœuvring and diplomatising, that you are inclined to think he was prepared by compression to figure in three acts rather than three volumes. Mr. Lever ought to remember a very clever saying of Dr. Whately's, that an author should judiciously mingle chaff with oats; the essence of food is not the most wholesome, or the easiest of digestion. Lord Culduff becomes dull from his constantly acting, as it were, up to the mark.

We have noted that Mr. Lever makes ambitious exertions to rise from the level of fun to that of humour. In the "Bramleighs" the endeavour is most marked, and at least we are glad to record, that if Mr. Lever has not hit the centre of the target, he has made a capital score on the whole. The chapter on "The Church Patrons at Albano" is a delicious piece of exaggeration, but it is too volatile for humour. It is scarce possible to refrain from laughing at it. We must refer our readers to it for themselves, but it will exactly illustrate the sort of distinction we wish to indicate. With reference to the plot of the "Bramleighs" we cannot say much. In fact, there is very little plot, and whatever little there is is extravagant, and more or less unsatisfactory. This is vexing, because it is apparent that the book has not been carelessly written. So much ability wasted upon so thin a story disappoints us almost in proportion to the talent displayed and half thrown away. For we must have plots from our novelists, and not simply clever dialogues or clever essays; otherwise this branch of literature will degenerate in poor hands into mere personal gossip, twaddle, and sentimental maundering. When we say that

Mr. Lever's book is interesting, despite its plot and its lagging dilatory production of what ought to be the central portions of it, we give that opinion with much regret. We doubt his power of writing a purely domestic novel, of so idealizing facts and personages of ordinary life as to make us entertain a strong anxiety for them and their doings. His work requires artificial binding; he cannot, from his very sprightliness of mind, dwell and expand sufficiently on matters of slight surface import but of deep intrinsic significance to dig up and present that significance to us. Hence the comedy air, the unreal comedy air of the smartest pages in the "Bramleighs." He does not go in for the Dutch painting of Mr. Trollope, which has a charm to which we confess we have been subjected without ever understanding in what it consisted. Mr. Lever's characters talk in a much wittier style than the bishops and the clergymen's daughters of Mr. Trollope's works, and we suspect that they talk themselves out of belief; and yet Mr. Trollope, by constant tinting, in the end brings his people and their places in his stories clearly and vividly enough before us. The "Bramleighs," as far as plot is concerned, might be reduced to one volume, and yet we venture to say that any one who reads the book would regret the loss of the other two. Mr. Lever has that happy, that blessed knack, of never being dull even when inartistic. This faculty or gift it is which enables us to accompany him so pleasantly through pages that have but little bearing towards our ultimate landing-place. One reason why we can in such an agreeable temper put up with his wanderings is unquestionably on account of the purity and grace of his style. Mr. Lever has made vast strides in the direction of writing. His sentences are beautifully clear, compact, and pointed. In fact, they are often too much so; but we are so seldom accustomed to see an author careful in this respect that we are not inclined to quarrel with the extra polish of Mr. Lever's paragraphs. We sincerely desire he may be imitated, especially by the ladies who now have the ear of the publishers. For their benefit we may observe that he never indulges in tawdry bits of French, that he puts nominative cases to verbs, and that he seldom uses the word "alas," and that he "oh's" as little as possible. These are negative virtues to which may be added the positive accomplishment of a precision, and a just knowledge of the weight and meaning of words which imparts a quality of smoothness and an air of good breeding to every chapter of the "Bramleighs."

On the whole, though we cannot venture to congratulate Mr. Lever without reserve on his latest book, we must observe that in it he gives proof enough that his intellect is as fresh and as unflagging as ever. The "Bramleighs" is, with all its shortcomings, one of the best novels of the year. The occasional pictures of scenery and glimpses of Anglo-Italian life are delicately and faithfully portrayed. The ladies and gentlemen in the story are ladies and gentlemen with whom it is a pleasure to associate. Mr. Lever, who professes a genuine knowledge of society, never obtrudes it in the shape of Guy Livingstonian vulgarity and slanginess. This he leaves to authors who think that elegance consists in patent-leather boots and in ostensible quotations from the wine and dinner lists of their clubs. We owe Mr. Lever an apology for even connecting him by comparison with such a school, with which, indeed, he has neither a sentiment nor a vice in common. Should the "Bramleighs" not gain the same amount of popular favour as other works of Mr. Lever, it will simply be because he has chosen to put his strength in character-drawing, without deriving a due amount of aid for his design from a substantial and stirring plot.

MR. LONGFELLOW'S NEW POEMS.*

MR. LONGFELLOW has in this volume cast two of the stories of New England fanaticism and cruelty in the form of five-act plays. The hanging of quakers; the flogging of Edith Christison, a quakeress, in the public streets; the death of John Norton, the preacher, and old Endicott, the governor; the execution of Martha Corey for witchcraft; the pressing to death, under the *peine forte et dure*, of her husband, Giles Corey, because he would not plead in answer to the charge that he derived his great strength from the devil,—these are sufficiently tragical material in all conscience. But we scarcely know how to receive the book. Mr. Longfellow is now venerable; he is a man of fine culture and much tenderness; most people love some of the things he has written; and yet we can scarcely "hedge" with him so far as not to say that it seems to us a thing to be regretted that he has written these "New England

* The New England Tragedies. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. London: George Routledge & Sons.

Tragedies." Whittier is a man of less taste, less culture, and, on the whole, less poetic instinct than Mr. Longfellow, but everybody will be ready to say that his ballad of "Cassandra Southwick," which deals with the same kind of theme as these "Tragedies," contains more poetry than they do. If we thought the volume before us was really entitled to challenge careful criticism, there might be something to say on many points. The author is rather timidly tender to New England. He is almost flattering, perhaps, in the portrait of Mather (in the second of the two Tragedies); and the plays, though written as if they were for representation, are not suited for it. The "prologues" talk about "to-night," and you are referred to the proper authorities for "costume;" but conceive, on the stage, Giles Corey lying dead with the stone on his breast in the churchyard, or Edith Christian, stripped to the waist, according to the stage directions! Or conceive the chapel-scene, with which the first tragedy opens, represented on the stage—Norton preaching, and the congregation singing one of the Sternhold and Hopkins psalms! We may have the Owl's Roost on the stage, and the Elysium Music Hall, but scarcely the inside of a place of worship, with the congregation shouting sacred iambics. No doubt Mr. Longfellow merely means to suggest the illusion of the stage when he constructs his prologues in the orthodox form; but certainly the effect is droll. Two of the figures, Tituba (an Indian woman) and Mary Walcot (a girl supposed to be bewitched) are well sketched. The scenery is always nicely suggested. Of course there is no straining after effect, for Mr. Longfellow, always quiet, is here quiet to excess; but these items almost, if not quite, exhaust the praise that can readily be given to the volume. Mr. Longfellow's blank verse, always a failure, is in this case a worse failure than in "The Spanish Student."

It is not quite easy to determine at a glance to what Mr. Longfellow owes that degree of esteem which he enjoys with the better class of readers. It is probably owing chiefly to his simplicity and his culture. His simplicity is certainly of the kind that always implies either genius or a certain very rare type of goodness, seldom found in men (in spite, here and there, of a Fletcher of Madeley), but not uncommon in women. It is always a most attractive thing, and what the French call distinctively *une qualité*; a feature belonging to the aristocracy of the mind and the heart. But Mr. Longfellow has written few poems of a high order. Opinions differ widely about "Hiawatha"—we confess we like it. "Evangeline" most people enjoy, whatever they think about hexameters in English. "The Golden Legend," with some downright doggerel, contains some beautiful writing. Of the minor poems, some few may be called exquisite—"The Fire of Driftwood," "The Wreck of the *Hesperus*," "Suspiria," and one or two others. Many of them are very enjoyable, but one grievous fault runs through the greater part of Mr. Longfellow's verse—it is too glib, and seems always ready to slide into mere sing-song. It is a very common thing, with those who versify readily, for the first draft of a composition to be too fluent, but it is the business of an artistic writer to correct this fault, by going over the verse in another mood, and putting on the skid here and there. Nor is it difficult. Nothing can be smoother than the verse of these "New England Tragedies," but we are not sure that a single passage could be selected in which the verse, merely as verse, could be called poetry; we mean, in which the rhythm alone affects the reader's mind agreeably or stimulatingly. The chief merits of the book are undoubtedly negative ones. There are faults which Mr. Longfellow never commits, but this abstinence is not sufficient to recompense us for the want of positive excellences, to the height of which he never rises.

Not to be accused of giving opinions without enabling our readers to judge for themselves, we quote from the prologue to "Giles Corey" a few lines:—

"Delusions of the days that once have been,
Witchcraft and wonders of the world unseen,
Phantoms of air, and necromantic arts
That crushed the weak and awed the stoniest hearts,—
These are our theme to-night; and vaguely here,
Through the dim mists that crowd the atmosphere,
We draw the outlines of weird figures cast
In shadow on the background of the Past.
Who would believe that in the quiet town
Of Salem, and amid the woods that crown
The neighbouring hillsides, and the sunny farms
That fold it safe in their paternal arms,—
Who would believe that in those peaceful streets,
Where the great elms shut out the summer heats,
Where quiet reigns, and breathes through brain and breast
The benediction of unbroken rest,—
Who would believe such deeds could find a place
As these whose tragic history we retrace?"

"Twas but a village then: the goodman ploughed
His ample acres under sun or cloud;
The goodwife at her doorstep sat and spun,
And gossiped with her neighbours in the sun;
The only men of dignity and state
Were then the minister and the magistrate,
Who ruled their little realm with iron rod,
Less in the love than in the fear of God;
And who believed devoutly in the Powers
Of Darkness, working in this world of ours,
In spells of witchcraft, incantations dread,
And shrouded apparitions of the dead."

Is there in these lines one which is not commonplace? Is there one phrase or epithet which is strictly poetic? The best are the two couplets beginning, "Twas but a village then;" but even these nice lines stand alone.

The following from "Endicott," is not bad; but it, likewise, stands alone in the play:—

"ACT IV.

"SCENE I. King-street, in front of the town-house. KEMPTHORN in the pillory. MERRY, and a crowd of lookers-on

KEMPTHORN (sings).

The world is full of care,
Much like unto a bubble;
Women and care, and care and women,
And women and care and trouble.
Good Master Merry, may I say confound?

MERRY.

Ay, that you may.

KEMPTHORN.

Well, then, with your permission,
Confound the Pillory!

MERRY.

That's the very thing
The joiner said who made the Shrewsbury stocks.
He said confound the stocks, because they put him
Into his own. He was the first man in them.

KEMPTHORN.

For swearing, was it?

MERRY.

No, it was for charging;
He charged the town too much; and so the town,
To make things square, set him in his own stocks,
And fined him five pound sterling—just enough
To settle his own bill.

KEMPTHORN.

And served him right;
But, Master Merry, is it not eight bells?

MERRY.

Not quite.

KEMPTHORN.

For, do you see? I'm getting tired
Of being perched aloft here in this cro' nest,
Like the first mate of a whaler, or a middy
Mast-headed, looking out for land! Sail ho!
Here comes a heavy-laden merchantman
With the lee clews eased off, and running free
Before the wind. A solid man of Boston,
A comfortable man, with dividends,
And the first salmon, and the first green peas.

[A gentleman passes.

He does not even turn his head to look.
He's gone without a word. Here comes another;
A different kind of craft on a taut bowline,—
Deacon Giles Firmin, the apothecary,
A pious and a ponderous citizen,
Looking as rubicund and round and splendid
As the great bottle in his own shop window!

[DEACON FIRMIN passes.

And here's my host of the Three Mariners,
My creditor and trusty taverne,
My corporal in the Great Artillery!
He's not a man to pass me without speaking.

[COLE looks away and passes.

Don't yaw so! keep your luff, old hypocrite!
Respectable, ah yes, respectable,
You, with your seat in the new Meeting-house,
Your cow-right on the common! But who's this?
I did not know the *Mary Ann* was in!
And yet this is my old friend, Captain Goldsmith,
As sure as I stand in the bilboes here.
Why, Ralph, my boy!

Enter RALPH GOLDSMITH.

GOLDSMITH.

Why, Simon, is it you?

Set in the bilboes?

KEMPTHORN.

Chock-a block, you see,

And without chafing-gear.

GOLDSMITH.

And what's it for?

KEMPTHORN.

Ask that starbowline with the boat-hook there,
That handsome man.

MERRY (bowing).

For swearing.

KEMPTHORN.

In this town
They put sea-captains in the stocks for swearing,
And Quakers for not swearing. So look out.

GOLDSMITH.

I pray you set him free; he meant no harm;
'Tis an old habit he picked up afloat.

MERRY.

Well, as your time is out, you may come down.
The law allows you now to go at large
Like Elder Oliver's horse upon the common.

KEMPTHORN.

Now, hearties, bear a hand! Let go and haul.

[KEMPTHORN is set free, and comes forward,
shaking GOLDSMITH's hand.

KEMPTHORN.

Give me your hand, Ralph. Ah, how good it feels!
The hand of an old friend.

GOLDSMITH.

God bless you, Simon!"

In writing like this, we find the characteristic *abstinence* of Mr. Longfellow, and some of his naturalness and humour; but nobody can call it strong. The late Leigh Hunt says, somewhere,—“The ‘Indicator’ is, I fear, the best of my works—so hard is it for a man who has passed all his life in the hope of being a poet,” &c. It is yet an open question whether Mr. Longfellow’s beautiful prose tale of “Kavanagh” is not better than most of his poems.

MISS BRADDON’S LAST.*

MISS BRADDON calls “Run to Earth” a “sensation story, pure and simple;” and such it is. In her preface to the book she puts in a plea for sensation novels, and hints that readers ought to judge the present work by this standard. It is Miss Braddon’s own fault, or her very particular merit, if her readers refuse to do anything of the kind. The author of the introduction to “Charlotte’s Inheritance”—surely one of the tenderest and truest bits of fiction which have been published in England for many a day—has shown herself capable of producing better work than “Run to Earth;” and her readers are likely to turn round and ask what they have done that Miss Braddon should address them as if they enjoyed nothing of a higher kind than *London-Journal* fiction. Briefly, Miss Braddon has done herself and her readers an injustice by republishing this story from “one of the oldest and most largely circulated of the cheap weekly periodicals.” Not only so, but she has committed a greater blunder in endeavouring to justify the publication of such a story—in endeavouring to prove that she has no sympathies with any sort of literature of a better kind than the raw-head-and-bloody-bones school. Fortunately, Miss Braddon contradicts any such assumption in one or two of her other works, and she certainly manages to contradict herself—so far as writing a succession of *non-sequiturs* may be considered contradiction—in the preface to the present tale. She first quotes the following sentence, which would probably be conclusive if it were only intelligible, from Colonel Mure:—

“The mass of mankind, in all ages, are more interested in the study of facts than of opinions, in listening to accounts of great or marvellous adventures, than to commentaries on the admiration of which they may be deserving.”

And then she adds—

“In other words, the author who provides his readers with a rapid narrative of stirring events will be more popular with the millions than the more profound writer whose greater depth of thought enables him to anatomize character and to depict the subtle emotions of mind. The author of ‘Run to Earth’ believes in this dictum; and that, in short, novels are read, when read at all, for the amusement they afford, and not for the philosophical truths which they may contain.”

But what have commentaries on admiration to do with a sensation novel? Miss Braddon translates the sentence, “in

* Run to Earth. A Novel. By the Author of “Lady Audley’s Secret.” London: Ward, Lock, & Tyler.

other words,” into the assertion that analysis of character and the depiction of the subtle emotions of mind are not so popular as a rapid narrative of stirring events. And then, in the last sentence we have quoted, she confounds analysis of character with “philosophical truths,” as if such a work as “The Mill on the Floss” were inevitably didactic. And yet “The Mill on the Floss” and “Adam Bede” have been quite as popular as certain sensation novels we could name. They show that analysis of character which Miss Braddon fears will be too heavy for the library-reader; and yet they do not become dull through the inculcation of “philosophical truths.” Or we might refer to the popularity of such productions as “Othello,” and “Hamlet,” and “As You Like It,” which have attained a little popularity in their day. Miss Braddon may reply that she is not Shakespeare. We grant the position. But the question is not of individual writers, but of the taste of the public. And Miss Braddon ought never to have lowered her own calling, and uttered a series of absurd remarks, merely to excuse the publication of a book which should never have seen the light, in a “cheap weekly” or elsewhere.

It will sufficiently show the kind of story which is asked to do service for a three-volume novel, after having made its appearance in the *London Journal*, when we say that the heroine is discovered, in the first chapter, singing in a low public-house in Ratcliff Highway. On the same night the man whom she calls her father commits a murder, and she runs away from the house. Afterwards she is found singing in a northern town, and a rich baronet makes her his wife. The rich baronet’s nephew is anxious to have her put out of the way, and secures the services of the principal villain, who persuades the baronet that his wife is false. Then the villain poisons the baronet. But the baronet having also left some money to two other persons, the villain first murders the one, by substituting a vicious horse for a tame one, and then sets about murdering the other. Then the latter finds out that he is being poisoned, and accuses the woman whom he loves, who commits suicide. For three volumes of not very small type we should say this was a tolerable dose of crime, to say nothing of the child-stealing, swindling, and similar pranks, which come in as interludes. But, indeed, the whole story is one which no one who has any respect for what Miss Braddon might do should criticise seriously. The whole tone of it is *London-Journal*-ish. Here and there we have little bits of better material stuck in, only to show the poorness of the surrounding material. It is true that writing for servant-maids has had this one good effect upon Miss Braddon’s style—we find in the book very few quotations in foreign tongues (and the printer has taken some liberties with what do appear) and fewer cribs from Lemprière. But if any gentle novel-reader who is not acquainted with the style of “cheap weekly periodicals” should wish to know what it is like, she may take this quotation as a fair specimen:—

“Those who really knew Victor Carrington knew that he was without one ray of belief in a Divine Ruler, and that he laughed to scorn those terrors of heavenly vengeance which will sometimes restrain the hand of the most hardened criminal. He was a wretch who seemed to have been created without those natural qualities which, in some degree, redeem the worst of humanity. He was a creature without a conscience—without a heart.”

Scarcely less characteristic is this passage:—

“The funeral of Sir Oswald Eversleigh was conducted with all the pomp and splendour befitting the burial of a man whose race had held the land for centuries, with untarnished fame and honour.

“The day of the funeral was dark, cold, and gloomy; stormy winds howled and shrieked among the oaks and beeches of Raynham Park. The tall firs in the avenue were tossed to and fro in the blast, like the funeral plumes of the stately hearse, which was to issue at noon from the quadrangle of the castle.”

Unfortunately for the eloquent description of the writer, the fir is the least pliable of all British trees. It is probably the poplar which Miss Braddon likens to the plumes of a “stately hearse.” Here is yet another glimpse of descriptive *London-Journal*-ism:—

“Sir Reginald Eversleigh looked at the Frenchman with a half doubtful, half horror-stricken look—such a look as Faust may have cast at Mephistopheles when Gretchen’s soldier-brother fell, stricken by the invisible sword of the demon.”

Unfortunately, too, for this passage, Valentin was not striken down by the sword of the demon, but by the sword of Faust, who probably did not like to be called a ratcatcher, even by Gretchen’s brother.

No, we refuse to take “Run to Earth” as any fair specimen of what Miss Braddon has done or can do. What she may hereafter do is another matter. The rate at which she has for years been turning out novels would prevent a writer of far

greater genius producing anything for which the world is likely to care two straws. In the present case our most charitable hope is that "Run to Earth" will be soon forgotten, and that Miss Braddon will set to work to do something to retrieve her reputation.

THE COTSWOLD DIALECT.*

THERE are few districts in England in which the philologist might expect to find a larger number of provincialisms than in the Cotswold. It is isolated from the rest of the world. Railways have not yet profaned its downs nor vulgarized its sheep-walks. Bradshaw knows not Northleach, in Gloucestershire the Blessed. No locomotive startles the "Cotswold lion," nor tempts the labourer to forget the Act of Settlement. Here, then, if anywhere, we might hope to meet the fathers of the village speaking words drawn from "the well of English undefiled."

But the Cotswold district has other claims on our attention. Shakespeare was born not far from the shadow of its hills. Among the few allusions which he makes to places near Stratford are two at least to Cotsol, as he calls the district, keeping to the provincial dialect. Here, too, that first muscular Christian, Captain Robert Dover, instituted his famous games, celebrated by Ben Jonson and Drayton. Down in this district lives the legend that "the owl was a baker's daughter," alluded to by Shakespeare. Somewhere down there, too, sprang that famous song, the most characteristic and humorous of all provincial songs,—

"The stwons that bwilt Gearge Ridler's oven,
And they did cwome vrom Blakeney's quarr:
And Gearge n' were a jolly old mon,
And his yead it grawed above his yare."

On opening Mr. Huntley's Glossary we were certainly disappointed with the number of words. In spite of the doctrine to which Max Müller has apparently given his sanction, the vocabulary of the English peasant is singularly large. There are few districts, with a circumference of forty or fifty miles, where from a thousand to two thousand words may not be collected. In the present collection we find only a few over five hundred. Two glossaries of the district already exist,—one in manuscript, several times quoted by Mr. Halliwell in his folio Shakespeare; and another, of which, unfortunately, only fifty copies were printed. Both of these lists contain important words which we cannot find in Mr. Huntley's glossary. Any one, however, who is only moderately acquainted with the district may detect plenty of omissions. Thus Mr. Huntley very correctly gives us—

"Jommetry. Spoken of anything self-supported in an unknown manner. Geometry. 'It hangs by jommetry.'—Common phrase: geometry being considered as magic"—(p. 46).

Mr. Huntley forgets, however, to give us another word nearly as important in the philosophy of the Cotswold peasant—"menadjerei,"—"That's a queer menadjerei." We have noticed that whatever could not be explained, from the Cotswold point of view, by "jommetry," was solved by "menadjerei." We cannot, however, undertake to supply Mr. Huntley's omissions, some of which, like "randan," are remarkable. But though Mr. Huntley's omissions are serious, his commissions are worse. When a gentleman tells us that "not, notted" (applied to cattle without horns) is derived from the fact "that in such cases the brow is thickly knotted with hair" (p. 52), we are prepared for the worst. Common sense, if not a knowledge of Old-English, ought to prevent any one from such a blunder. We might, too, make out a long list of blunders of another kind. At page 22 the explanation of "out of all cess" is wrong. The term "cess," for rate, tax, is common enough in the north of England, and the phrase has nothing to do with a "word used in calling dogs to their food." At page 64 Mr. Huntley misunderstands the quotation from Herbert—"Bruises, squats, and falls, which often kill others, hurt not the temperate." "Squats" do not here mean "indentations," as Mr. Huntley seems to suppose, but boils, pimples. The word is used in this latter sense by our Elizabethan writers, and may still be heard in the Midland counties. At page 60 "sharded beetle" has no connection with "shard, a break in a fence," which is about as sensible as Dr. Johnson's famous explanation, "born among shards—that is, broken pots and tiles." But there is no pleasure in cracking such rotten nuts.

We gladly turn to the better side of the book. The late

Mr. Huntley had evidently studied Shakespeare with much care. He has succeeded in bringing together a great many local words which illustrate the poet's particular meaning. Amongst them we may mention "day-woman," for dairy-maid; "doule," for down; "keech," a lump of fat; "make," for mate; "wappered," for tired; and "round," to whisper. Two words, however, occur in Mr. Huntley's glossary, the meaning of which all future editors of Shakespeare are bound to consider. Most readers will recollect that difficult passage in the "Winter's Tale" (Act ii. sc. 1), where Antigonus reproaches Leontes:—

" You are abused, and by some putter-on,
That will be damn'd for 't; would I knew the villain,
I would land-damn him."

All kinds of silly interpretations and readings have been proposed, the most foolish of which, perhaps, is Farmer's "I'll laudanum him." Mr. Huntley, however, solves the difficulty by "Landam, to abuse with rancour; damn through the land" (p. 47). This at all events, although we do not think it meets all the objections which might be urged, makes the speech intelligible. The other passage, to which Mr. Huntley gives a new reading, is Prince Henry's speech to Falstaff (First Part of King Henry IV., Act iv. sc. 2).

" How now, blown, Jack? How now, quilt?"

Most commentators, as far as we know, imagine, with Mr. Dyce, that "quilt" means flock-bed. Mr. Huntley, however, gives us "Quilt, to swallow, to gulp, to catch breath by swallowing," which certainly, to say the very least, supplies us with a most ingenious reading. It is but justice to add that this glossary is a posthumous work, apparently published by some of Mr. Huntley's relatives. The task was well worth doing, but it is a great pity that they did not intrust the publication to some competent editor. But even as the glossary now stands, we must thank them for a most interesting contribution to the study of provincialisms. The book may be put on the same shelf with Wilbraham's Glossary of Cheshire and Lewis's Glossary of Herefordshire.

A FIGHT FOR LIFE.*

BOOKS which are easily read, and are easily remembered, may be as easily forgotten. The great body of recent fiction is necessarily exposed to this kind of mortality, which makes the human memory more like a sepulchre of the dead, than a mansion of living spirits gathered from all regions of romance. Most novels can be read at a gallop, which is no doubt a merit of its kind; but while they hurry along the excited fancy, they seldom detain the understanding, or leave behind them any deposit of thought. In saying that "A Fight for Life" is one of this class of novels, we have no desire to do injustice to Mr. Thomas—the injustice, for instance, of assigning him a place in the murderous or cannibal school of fiction. That would indeed be an injustice; for Mr. Thomas moves in a higher region of letters than any of that school cares, or has the ability, to approach. "A Fight for Life," although slight in point of plot, is well conceived, and it has the merit of being cleverly written. There is, however, no disguising the fact that it is not one of the golden "few," but one of the "mob,"—a member of that vast family of novels which live a fitful life, if they live at all, satisfying a momentary crave or craze, rather than any present or future need. Yet one fact ought to be consoling to authors. It is the fate of books, as it is of human beings, to perish not singly, but in battalions. Company in adversity blunts the sting of suffering. Perhaps Mr. Thomas's book is a little less mortal than many of its class. In a moral point of view, it is a sound and safe production; and it contains passages the tendency of which is to purify the higher feeling, and quicken the deeper conscience. These are good points in favour of the story, which is not distinguished by any special intellectual excellence. In brief, it is not properly a work of genius, so much as a work of fair talent.

Mr. Thomas opens his story with considerable skill. It is common for novelists to begin at the beginning—that is, when their heroes are in long clothes. Some writers begin even before these important gentlemen are born, as Sterne did with Tristram Shandy. Mr. Thomas introduces his hero after he has sown his wild oats, and is in process of reaping the harvest of them. If this is done deliberately, and not by accident, it is wisely done; for we question whether Mr. Thomas has the skill necessary for the management of fictitious infants. It is at all

* A Glossary of the Cotswold (Gloucestershire) Dialect. Illustrated by Examples from Ancient Authors. By the late Rev. Richard Webster Huntley, A.M. London: J. R. Smith.

* A Fight for Life. By Moy Thomas. Three vols. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.

events significant that there is not a boy or girl, properly so called, among the personages of his tale. Edward Carrell is, of course, a young man, but old enough for a hero—old enough to have broken from a somewhat ungenial guardianship, to have enlisted as a dragoon, to have been brutally abused by a bloodthirsty sergeant, and to have consequently deserted and become a fugitive from the power of authority. It is at this point of his life that Edward Carrell darts into the story, flying from military bloodhounds; and the chase which properly opens the book is a wonderfully animated affair. But Carrell is no common deserter, either in mind or body, having been handsomely endowed in both. We might almost say that he is a gentleman and the son of a gentleman, with both parents dead however; and although a soldier and a deserter, yet not a scapegrace in the usual sense of the word. Very good boys will sometimes run away from guardians who are over-rigid in their methods of guardianship, which is exactly Carrell's case. Having got an excellent education, and being physically powerful and handsome, he is of course fully qualified to be a hero. To say truth, Carrell is the most original and striking figure in the story; while the most touching is poor old Grindley, the broken-down lawyer, whose devotion to Carrell reaches the purely pathetic. Eluding his pursuers, Carrell escapes to the edge of the Thames, and the description of the night-scene on the river, where he is saved from drowning, is one of the finest in the book. But Mr. Thomas shows his greatest skill and power in painting that picture of the storm at sea, in which Carrell and Stedman are caught, and from which they escape, each saving a lady, in a manner bordering on the marvellous. The lady saved by the hero is Isabel Frere, who ultimately becomes his wife. In describing the adventure at sea, Mr. Thomas shows some of that power—that command over the picturesque and the pathetic—which is one of the most potent charms of Sir Walter Scott's genius. Nor would these two scenes—old Stedman's terrible night with the lady on the Beacon, and Carrell's two equally fearful nights at sea with Isabel Frere—have been at all unworthy of Sir Walter. It is, of course, during their voyage of danger that the affection between Carrell and Isabel begins, the heroic bravery of the one, and the dependent, trustful devotion of the other, being potent sources of inspiration. But the hero is apparently nothing but a common man, and therefore a wild chasm of suffering yawns between the budding and the blossoming of their love. That suffering, however, the hero passes through, as through double doors of death; and, as the brave deserve the fair, Edward Carrell at length wins the lady of his love, and they are made man and wife in orthodox and honourable fashion.

There are numerous characters in the tale besides those whose names we have little more than hinted; but Mr. Thomas, properly, and not unskillfully, subordinates the action of these to the development of the two central figures. They are not unimportant in themselves, but their essential use is the effect they produce on the main current of the story. One or two may be mentioned. Take first, Sergeant Jackson, or Bloodhound Jackson, as he is appropriately nicknamed in the regiment. The reader has a feeling that he would like to kick this brute of a fellow; yet, unless this fellow had been a brute, the story would have been without a hero. Jackson is the cause of Carrell's desertion, which affects his whole life. It is perfectly evident that if there is any evil business which must be transacted in real or fictitious life, somebody must do it. The work of Judas can only be performed by Judas, and if such work is necessary, Judas is also necessary. It is probable that not even Lucifer has been created in vain. But, as these darker powers have their counterparts in life, the work of Judas Jackson in the story is neutralized, in the first place, by Stedman, the Thames bargeman, who saves Carrell from drowning; and in the second place, by Grindley, the poor wrecked lawyer, who saves the hero from the doom of the suicide. Such providential interventions are perpetually occurring in real life in the simplest and in apparently the most natural manner, as if more by accident than design. A shrewd dramatist or novelist will always note this, and take a leaf out of the divine drama daily being thus unfolded before his eyes, scene after scene, and act after act, in logical and beautiful sequence. It is a real merit in "A Fight for Life" that the incidents of the story grow out of each other with a sort of flower-like naturalness and necessity, as if the writer, having stated the initial fact in the tale, could not have prevented the sequent facts from occurring. This is that art of nature of which George Eliot is so eminent a master; of which Mr. Thomas has a good knowledge, as his present tale fairly proves, and of which it is probable some future effort will afford a stronger and more enduring example.

MINOR POETRY.*

Nobody in England will be surprised to learn that three of the undernoted volumes are the product of Scotland, which is as truly a land of poets as it is a land of cakes and "brown heath and shaggy wood." We believe that, on an average, there are half a dozen poets in every Scottish parish. Some particular parishes, however, exhibit an even greater fecundity in the poetic breed; and Alexander Smith, who had the best means of knowing, used to say that the town of Paisley alone contained above eighty poets, or one to every seven hundred of its inhabitants. But, indeed, the whole west of Scotland has been exceedingly prolific in poets ever since the time of Burns. For many years the Scotch minor poets followed Burns so slavishly as greatly to diminish the value of their productions. They did the same with Sir Walter Scott, with a like result. That kind of idolatry is, however, nearly extinct in Scotland; and whenever a poet of independent genius appears, the Scotch thistle gives place to the English rose. This fact was illustrated in a remarkable degree in the case of Alexander Smith, who, although born in Kilmarnock, the "Killie" of Burns, might as well have issued from the Isle of Thanet, for aught that his writings indicate to the contrary. Of course, while Smith broke loose altogether from the Caledonian gods, he had not sufficient strength to keep himself from falling down at the feet of certain English idols, whom, however, it must be allowed, he worshipped in the beauty of poetic holiness. George MacDonald is another illustration of a Scotch poet being led by superior genius out of the purely Scotch into the British field of song—although, now and then, he has strange visitings from the dim glens and the streamy vales of the north, which compel him to utter in heart-breaking Doric some ballad of love or death. But surely the strongest possible proof that the old Scotch models have lost their extreme fascination in an artistic sense is the fact that the new minor poets do not as a rule use the Doric of Burns, but the English of Shakespeare,—however desperately unShakespearian their use of it frequently is. This is a natural development. Every great language ultimately swallows up its dialects, and grows richer in the process, by appropriating some of those happier and more forcible words which gave the dialects whatever individuality they possessed. Officially, the Scotch is already a dead dialect; and, at no remote date, the grammar-school will thrust it out of private use. As a matter of fact, it is now employed only among the common people, English having superseded it in the drawing-rooms of the wealthy as effectually as the piano has abolished the bagpipes. To Scotchmen who lament the inevitable decadence of their "mither tongue"—for we believe that some worthy men do wax pathetic over this fact—one consolation remains. Some things have been written in Scotch which, so far as we can see, will live as long as there is a soul to understand them; and when there is no soul to understand them, "Hamlet" and "Paradise Lost" will also have become literary mysteries. It ought to be as balm in Gilead to the Scottish heart to know that the delicious Doric of the songs and ballads will moan and murmur for ever amid the larger and profounder utterances of the English language.

We must suggest, however, that the goods which some of the Scotch minor poets have brought into the English market are rather inferior in texture. The change from Scotch to English is in many cases like a poor or vicious translation. Take, for instance, the two first volumes on our list. It can hardly be on any distinct ground of poetic merit that they have had the honour of publication at all. The first is the worst; but both exhibit a singular poverty of anything that might be construed into thought. There is in them an occasional touch of fancy; but they are vacant of imagination. The mere writing of verses is no doubt an amiable occupation, and where the bias exists, is commendable even in cases of very humble poetic endowment. Some little strength is gained by the simple exercise; but it is a mistake to publish anything written in this way. Mr. Gemmill's "Montague: a Drama," is a fair dramatic exercise; as a literary production it is not of the slightest value. It is poor as an intellectual effort, and it exhibits an entire want of skill in the construction of blank verse suitable to dramatic purposes, or indeed to any purpose.

* Montague: a Drama, and Other Poems. By Robert Gemmill, Author of "Sketches from Life, with Occasional Thoughts and Poems." London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

City Poems and Songs. By James Galbraith. With Prefatory Note by the Rev. Fergus Ferguson, M.A. Glasgow: T. D. Morrison.

Harp of the Valley. By William Stewart Ross. Author of "A System of Elocution," "Marrying for Money," &c. London: Provost & Co., Successors to Alfred W. Bennett.

Fair Rosamond: and Other Poems. By R. Montgomerie Ranking (of the Inner Temple). London (for the Author): John Camden Hotten.

If the truth must be spoken, that is the truth. Some of the miscellaneous pieces are only less poor than the drama, and some of them have a jingle of music, like the following lines on Milton, which present, in small space, Mr. Gemmell's poetic virtues and vices:—

"Hail, Milton! in thy glowing page we find
All beauty and all goodness rich combined;
The loftiest theme thy muse hath dared to try,
And soared from earth to scenes beyond the sky.
The bliss of Paradise thou hast portrayed,
And Pandemonium's direful woe surveyed;
But whether upon earth, in heaven, or hell,
Whate'er the subject be, thou dost excel."

Thy strains the sweetest harmony reveal,
And o'er the sense like music softly steal;
Through all thy works each classic grace doth shine,
And heavenly virtue breathes in every line.
When painting passion which disturbs the soul,
Thy lofty notes like swelling waters roll;
In burning words great truths thou hast defined,
And proved to all thy majesty of mind."

In Mr. Galbraith's "City Poems and Songs," there are some signs of reading and polish. Yet there is no originality—not a single thought in the whole volume which a reader could pick out as something new. Mr. Galbraith can be serious or satirical by turns, and, as a satirist with some little effect. We meet with such lines as these:—

"Oft mingling in commercial marts,
I see and scorn hypocrisy:
Men pay as if they paid their hearts
And sneer at seedy honesty."

Ah! had Diogenes lived now,
No lamp he'd need to aid his sight;
The golden calf upon each brow
He'd find revealed without a light."

There is a hill at Edinburgh called Salisbury Crags, which has been compared with a lion; and south of Glasgow lies a low range of hills, which Mr. Galbraith of course compares also with a lion frowning over the city, though the fact is, that Cathkin is liker the sea-serpent than the king of beasts:—

"As the fierce lion, gorged with prey,
Of prowling tired, at close of day,
Lies lazy, dozing night away
With grim majestic frown,
So furzy Cathkin, high and gray,
Frowns o'er that antique town."

The "Harp of the Valley," by Mr. Ross, is in some respects a remarkable volume. Its contents are greatly varied in theme, though not much varied in style. The author is blessed with some affluence of language, which he flings about like snow-white sawdust, fire-hail, or good honest mud, as the subject of his song demands. He indulges in big epithets which have the appearance of being either cribbed or imitated from a favourite author, Lord Lytton, to whom he dedicates his volume. "Mind-mighty," "psychal might," and "ethically-brave," are among his pet phrases. Of Lord Lytton he sings:—

"He strikes the chords of life and death,
The lute, and thundering gong;
Eternity, with hollow roar,
Is bassing, bassing evermore
His majesty of song."

This is doing the big bass drum with a vengeance. But Mr. Ross does not hesitate to say further of his lordship's name, calling it

"The mightiest name that brightens now
The army-roll of man."

Fie, Mr. Ross! Did you forget that the "army-roll of man" contained the names of Thomas Carlyle and Matthew Arnold, Tennyson, and—Tupper? The effect of Mr. Ross's idolatry of the "mightiest name" is seen in his prelude, in which, among other poetical pyrotechnics, he says:—

"A stanza's vigour oft may test
A buried minstrel's breadth of chest;
A pounding crash of psychal might—
The bard must be of stalwart height—
He pens the verbal thunder-stroke
With a right arm would fell an oak!"

He describes his book as

"The fiery fragments of my soul!"

and he concludes his prelude by shouting,

"God's thunders on my soul,
If ever in my heart,
I have baked a bite of bread
On the vestal fire of Art!"

These latter lines have the ring of the gridiron in them. The poet means, we presume, that he sings, not for the purpose of making money, but from pure love of singing. Of course, this declaration is quite consistent with the probability that Mr. Ross would not refuse a fifty-pound note for the first edition of "The Harp of the Valley." There are several more remarkable lines in the prelude. The poet informs us, for instance, that he loves

"Hell's infernal sheen
'Fore what is sneaking, base, and mean;"

and rather than insult God

"With cant and sham,
Would yell red Satan's brimstone psalm."

He says that as time emerged from chaos

"Jehovah shook the dice of doom;"

the result of the shaking being that some kind of work fell to each mortal. Mr. Ross is hardly master of his steed, which carries him into indescribable quagmires, and makes a mess of his logic and his metaphysics. Yet his volume, in spite of the numerous "heavens," "hells," "angels," "devils," "eternals," "immortals," "tremendous souls," and "psychal mines of brain" with which it is sprinkled, contains many excellent lines and verses, which show Mr. Ross in a much happier light than the passages we have quoted. Much of his extravagance comes from worshipping the great Lord Lytton, "the mightiest mind" of this "mind-mighty" age. If he would cease to vex the poor devils a little, and meddle less with the angels, it would be better perhaps for his own peace of mind, and the purity of his poetry.

Mr. Montgomerie Ranking, the author of "Fair Rosamond: and other Poems," is more worthy of the name of poet than any of the preceding singers. Yet he must have some defect of ear when he can perpetrate a couplet like this:—

"What cares she? she had her sport—
There are others to be caught!"

Mr. Ranking makes an unnecessary exhibition of poverty by also trying to make dawning rhyme with morning. Nor are we quite certain whether he is justified in using the double preposition in the style of the old ballad-makers,—

"Fair Rosamond woke from her trance of fear,
With a cry was pitiful for to hear."

Mr. Ranking tells the story of Fair Rosamond with considerable poetic skill. His verse is generally graceful, with fine touches of incipient thought. There is, however, a certain lack of music and colour which keeps his language too uniformly sober and cool for poetry, which ought to ring and gleam when the subject demands. The following song is sung by Rosamond at her wheel:—

"From off the distaff whirling
As life is spun,
Come on the spindle twirling
Two threads as one.
There's one is glistening gay,
And one is harsh and gray;
The wheel goes round, goes round."

Child and maid and lover,
The wheel goes round,
Like a bee in the crimson clover
Its jocund sound,
For hearts are blithe and bold,
And the thread shews only gold;
The wheel goes round, goes round."

A grave and a broken vow,
And weary years,
The dusky yarn is now
Kept moist with tears,
And the voice of joy is dumb,
And the thread shews only thrum;
The wheel goes round, goes round."

Among the other poems in Mr. Ranking's volume, "The Death of Ossian" is perhaps the best; it contains some strong lines, and some so strong that they are full of the bad taste of extravagance. The poem opens with the description of a storm, and among other graphic touches the poet talks about

"Foul foam that lay bespattered on the shore,
As if the waves had dashed out their wild brains
Upon the shingle;"

and a few lines further on, quite naturally—

"All the shingle shrieked with scorn."

It is permissible to say—

"Drum of thunder, harp of clanging pine;"
but it is not easy seeing how the poet can make
"Torches of thunderbolts."

Mr. Ranking is quite right not to allow the monk to convert Ossian, who says—

" What if thy tale be true, and these old limbs,
Because I will not have the ancient ways,
Must fry for ever, I can suffer pain!
The sons of Fingal know to suffer pain!"

The word *fry* is not very poetical, and we doubt whether it could have been in use in the time of Ossian, when the art of cookery, to the vocabulary of which it belongs, was in rather a primitive state among the wilds of Morven and Glencoe. The poet appropriately makes Ossian die singing; but he has committed the blunder of giving the songs, which are fair for Ranking, but poor for Ossian. It would have been sufficient to inform us of the nature of the old bard's death, without attempting to reproduce his death-music in a style which is not the style of Ossian. On the whole, if Mr. Ranking's volume cannot be described as altogether a failure, it cannot be regarded as a success. It may possibly foreshadow some success yet to be achieved, which implies our opinion that the poet, if not inexhaustible, is not yet a dried fountain.

SHORT NOTICES.

A New Guide to Spanish and English Conversation, consisting of Modern Phrases, Idioms, and Proverbs. To which are added Tables of Spanish Moneys, Weights, and Measures, and a Copious Vocabulary. By J. Rowbotham, F.R.A.S. (David Nutt.)

There is nothing to review in this little manual. The "tables" of coins, &c., at the end are fuller than usual, and the whole appears to be carefully printed. If there is anything to alter in the book it is the material out of which the dialogue is composed. The men who first constructed dialogue for works of this kind must have had extraordinary notions of life, and yet the stuff seems immortal. Here is the same everlasting "John" bringing the "blue pantaloons" to his master, and the same hatter asking twenty-five shillings for a hat, and then consenting to take two-and-twenty, and assuring his customer that it is the first he has sold to-day—the same, we say, as we remember in books fifty years old or more. Silk stockings are still nine shillings a pair, and the "hackney-coachman" is at his old game, asking five shillings for going to King-street and back again. There is a touch of nature in this, but the hatter and a few others of the *dramatis persona* are behind the age.

How We are Governed; or, the Crown, the Senate, and the Bench. By Fonblanche and Holdsworth. Revised to present date by Alexander C. Ewald, F.S.A. (Frederick Warne & Co.)

How are we governed? would be a puzzling question to most people. Somehow we do get ourselves governed, and very tolerably and comfortably governed too; but how it comes about that there is always a cat to kill the rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built; how from the Queen to the policeman the complicated machinery works on, whence the power is derived and how, by whom exercised and in what way, few people could say. In 150 pages is explained to us the system of government under which we live, and, as the editor says in his preface, "in a brief and lively style." Brief it certainly is, but we fear "lively" can scarcely be an appropriate term. We can only say that if that great mystery the "Law of Evidence," which occupies one letter, is made plain to the unprofessional mind, great things will have been accomplished by these authors. The book is undoubtedly useful, as the success of the former editions has proved.

La Folle du Logis. Par le Chevalier de Chatelain. (Bruxelles : C. Muquardt.)

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out being tainted in the least degree with Cockney smartness or vulgarity; and they possess, moreover, a certain honesty of tone which is not so common as it might be in magazine literature. "Imaginary Love" (which suggests material for half a dozen articles in reply) and "The Presidential Candidates," in the present number, may be taken as examples. The illustrations, too, are very clever; and have nothing of the laboured conventionalism ordinarily found in magazine drawing.

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If the truth must be spoken, that is the truth. Some of the miscellaneous pieces are only less poor than the drama, and some of them have a jingle of music, like the following lines on Milton, which present, in small space, Mr. Gemmell's poetic virtues and vices:—

"Hail, Milton! in thy glowing page we find
All beauty and all goodness rich combined;
The loftiest theme thy muse hath dared to try,
And soared from earth to scenes beyond the sky.
The bliss of Paradise thou hast portrayed,
And Pandemonium's direful woe surveyed;
But whether upon earth, in heaven, or hell,
Whate'er the subject be, thou dost excel."

Thy strains the sweetest harmony reveal,
And o'er the sense like music softly steal;
Through all thy works each classic grace doth shine,
And heavenly virtue breathes in every line.
When painting passion which disturbs the soul,
Thy lofty notes like swelling waters roll;
In burning words great truths thou hast defined,
And proved to all thy majesty of mind."

In Mr. Galbraith's "City Poems and Songs," there are some signs of reading and polish. Yet there is no originality—not a single thought in the whole volume which a reader could pick out as something new. Mr. Galbraith can be serious or satirical by turns, and, as a satirist with some little effect. We meet with such lines as these:—

"Oft mingling in commercial marts,
I see and scorn hypocrisy:
Men pay as if they paid their hearts
And sneer at seedy honesty."

"Ah! had Diogenes lived now,
No lamp he'd need to aid his sight;
The golden calf upon each brow
He'd find revealed without a light."

There is a hill at Edinburgh called Salisbury Crags, which has been compared with a lion; and south of Glasgow lies a low range of hills, which Mr. Galbraith of course compares also with a lion frowning over the city, though the fact is, that Cathkin is liker the sea-serpent than the king of beasts:—

"As the fierce lion, gorged with prey,
Of prowling tired, at close of day,
Lies lazy, dozing night away
With grim majestic frown,
So furzy Cathkin, high and gray,
Frowns o'er that antique town."

The "Harp of the Valley," by Mr. Ross, is in some respects a remarkable volume. Its contents are greatly varied in theme, though not much varied in style. The author is blessed with some affluence of language, which he flings about like snow-white sawdust, fire-hail, or good honest mud, as the subject of his song demands. He indulges in big epithets which have the appearance of being either cribbed or imitated from a favourite author, Lord Lytton, to whom he dedicates his volume. "Mind-mighty," "psychal might," and "ethically-brave," are among his pet phrases. Of Lord Lytton he sings:—

"He strikes the chords of life and death,
The lute, and thundering gong;
Eternity, with hollow roar,
Is bassing, bassing evermore
His majesty of song."

This is doing the big bass drum with a vengeance. But Mr. Ross does not hesitate to say further of his lordship's name, calling it

"The mightiest name that brightens now
The army-roll of man."

Fie, Mr. Ross! Did you forget that the "army-roll of man" contained the names of Thomas Carlyle and Matthew Arnold, Tennyson, and—Tupper? The effect of Mr. Ross's idolatry of the "mightiest name" is seen in his prelude, in which, among other poetical pyrotechnics, he says:—

"A stanza's vigour oft may test
A buried minstrel's breadth of chest;
A pounding crash of psychal might—
The bard must be of stalwart height—
He pens the verbal thunder-stroke
With a right arm would fell an oak!"

He describes his book as

"The fiery fragments of my soul!"

and he concludes his prelude by shouting,

"God's thunders on my soul,
If ever in my heart,
I have baked a bite of bread
On the vestal fire of Art!"

These latter lines have the ring of the gridiron in them. The poet means, we presume, that he sings, not for the purpose of making money, but from pure love of singing. Of course, this declaration is quite consistent with the probability that Mr. Ross would not refuse a fifty-pound note for the first edition of "The Harp of the Valley." There are several more remarkable lines in the prelude. The poet informs us, for instance, that he loves

"Hell's infernal sheen
'Fore what is sneaking, base, and mean;"

and rather than insult God

"With cant and sham,
Would yell red Satan's brimstone psalm."

He says that as time emerged from chaos

"Jehovah shook the dice of doom;"

the result of the shaking being that some kind of work fell to each mortal. Mr. Ross is hardly master of his steed, which carries him into indescribable quagmires, and makes a mess of his logic and his metaphysics. Yet his volume, in spite of the numerous "heavens," "hells," "angels," "devils," "eternals," "immortals," "tremendous souls," and "psychal mines of brain" with which it is sprinkled, contains many excellent lines and verses, which show Mr. Ross in a much happier light than the passages we have quoted. Much of his extravagance comes from worshipping the great Lord Lytton, "the mightiest mind" of this "mind-mighty" age. If he would cease to vex the poor devils a little, and meddle less with the angels, it would be better perhaps for his own peace of mind, and the purity of his poetry.

Mr. Montgomerie Ranking, the author of "Fair Rosamond; and other Poems," is more worthy of the name of poet than any of the preceding singers. Yet he must have some defect of ear when he can perpetrate a couplet like this:—

"What cares she? she had her sport—
There are others to be caught!"

Mr. Ranking makes an unnecessary exhibition of poverty by also trying to make dawning rhyme with morning. Nor are we quite certain whether he is justified in using the double preposition in the style of the old ballad-makers,—

"Fair Rosamond woke from her trance of fear,
With a cry was pitiful for to hear."

Mr. Ranking tells the story of Fair Rosamond with considerable poetic skill. His verse is generally graceful, with fine touches of incipient thought. There is, however, a certain lack of music and colour which keeps his language too uniformly sober and cool for poetry, which ought to ring and gleam when the subject demands. The following song is sung by Rosamond at her wheel:—

"From off the distaff whirling
As life is spun,
Come on the spindle twirling
Two threads as one.
There's one is glistening gay,
And one is harsh and gray;
The wheel goes round, goes round."

Child and maid and lover,
The wheel goes round,
Like a bee in the crimson clover
Its jocund sound,
For hearts are blithe and bold,
And the thread shews only gold;
The wheel goes round, goes round."

A grave and a broken vow,
And weary years,
The dusky yarn is now
Kept moist with tears,
And the voice of joy is dumb,
And the thread shews only thram;
The wheel goes round, goes round."

Among the other poems in Mr. Ranking's volume, "The Death of Ossian" is perhaps the best; it contains some strong lines, and some so strong that they are full of the bad taste of extravagance. The poem opens with the description of a storm, and among other graphic touches the poet talks about

"Foul foam that lay bespattered on the shore,
As if the waves had dashed out their wild brains
Upon the shingle;"

and a few lines further on, quite naturally—

"All the shingle shrieked with scorn."

It is permissible to say—

"Drum of thunder, harp of clangling pine;"
but it is not easy seeing how the poet can make
"Torches of thunderbolts."

Mr. Ranking is quite right not to allow the monk to convert Ossian, who says—

" What if thy tale be true, and these old limbs,
Because I will not have the ancient ways,
Must fry for ever, I can suffer pain!
The sons of Fingal know to suffer pain!"

The word *fry* is not very poetical, and we doubt whether it could have been in use in the time of Ossian, when the art of cookery, to the vocabulary of which it belongs, was in rather a primitive state among the wilds of Morven and Glencoe. The poet appropriately makes Ossian die singing; but he has committed the blunder of giving the songs, which are fair for Ranking, but poor for Ossian. It would have been sufficient to inform us of the nature of the old bard's death, without attempting to reproduce his death-music in a style which is not the style of Ossian. On the whole, if Mr. Ranking's volume cannot be described as altogether a failure, it cannot be regarded as a success. It may possibly foreshadow some success yet to be achieved, which implies our opinion that the poet, if not inexhaustible, is not yet a dried fountain.

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